

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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No. 387.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1826.

Price 6d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Cabinet Lawyer; or, Popular Digest of the Laws of England, with the Criminal Law; also, a Dictionary of Law Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities, &c. &c. pp. 575. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

A COMPLETE knowledge of English law, from its amazing growth, complex rules, and various subtilties, is too great an object for the grasp of any man, but still the eye may encompass the whole, admire its beauties, and detect its defects. No man can pretend to the character of a finished gentleman or scholar without well understanding the broad principles of British jurisprudence, nor is this less to be desired by men of a more humble sphere. Individual independence may be strengthened by this knowledge: the ignorant oppressor may know, without feeling the power of justice, and thus learn to fear rather than to deride,—to avoid crime rather than commit it; neither in a national point of view is it to be contemned. From the dissemination of knowledge the effects of ignorance must eventually vanish; guilt is often its offspring, and when its stem decays, the branches are deprived of their noisome vitality. It is not to be expected that unprofessional individuals can pretend to unravel the various intricacies of practice, nor in fact is it desirable, but it behoves every man with any pretensions to intelligence to know those laws by which he and his peers are governed, to which his property, his kindred, and his freedom are subjected. Whether as an asserter of his own rights, or a defender of his delinquencies, it is well for him to understand his own case, (civil or criminal,) as he, in consequence, is better able to choose his legal adviser; and although there is a rough proverb usually applied to a man becoming his own client, his general knowledge in these instances might enable him to keep clear of empty pretenders, and shallow-minded professionals.

The work before us, like a dictionary of arts and sciences, may give intelligent notions of each branch of the law, without in any way qualifying for professors. We cannot attest that every opinion or position contained in this mass of forensic matter is devoid of error or perfectly correct, but the whole is arranged in an able, clear, and perspicuous manner, and the rules laid down are distinctly and familiarly given.

In a well-written preface, is the following exposition of the design of this volume: 'A principal object of the present undertaking has been to lessen the occasions for an appeal to the courts of law; and secondly, to

render accessible to unprofessional readers a knowledge of the institutions by which individual rights, persons, and properties, are secured.'

The work is divided into six parts, and each part is subdivided into chapters and sections. In explanation of his views, the author remarks—'into how small a compass human knowledge might be compressed, by confining it to a simple enunciation of fact and inference: it occurred to me, this principle might be applied, with peculiar advantage, to a digest of the English laws, and it is by rigorously adhering to it, I have been enabled to accomplish the present undertaking.'

He concludes his introduction by apologising for occasional errors; to those acquainted with the intricate and confused state of the English laws, none will be required, either for sins of omission or commission. The opening chapter is on the origin and jurisdiction of the laws of England:

'The primary objects of law are the preservation of individuals, of property, and the institutions of society.'

'The laws of England are divided into the common and the statute law.'

'The common, or unwritten law, consists of those customs and observances, which have not been formally created and recorded by the legislative power, but have acquired a binding force by immemorial usage and the strength of general accord and reception. It is by general custom, or common law, that proceedings are guided in courts of justice; that the eldest son inherits from his father; that property may be purchased and transferred by writing; that a deed is void, if not sealed and delivered; that money lent upon bond is recoverable by action of debt; and that breaches of the peace are punishable by fine and imprisonment. All these are doctrines not prescribed by any written statute or ordinance, but depend on immemorial usage, or common law, for their support.'

'By immemorial usage is not meant a period so remote as to be beyond historical record; the bounds of legal memory are limited by the statute of Westminster, 3 Edw. I. to the reign of Rich. I.; and any custom which has prevailed from that time to the present, without interruption, acquires the force of law.'

'The civil and canon law, which govern the proceedings of the ecclesiastical, the admiralty, and the military courts, form branches of the unwritten, or common law.'

'The jurisdiction of the common law is limited to the territory of England, and does not include either Wales, Scotland, Ireland, or any other part of the empire. But an act

of Parliament, made by the legislature of the united kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland, may bind the whole.

'The written or statute law consists of statute acts, or edicts, made by the king, with the consent of the two Houses of Parliament.'

'The oldest written law now extant, and printed in the statute book, is Magna Charta; though doubtless there were many acts before that time, the records of which are lost, and the maxims of which have been gradually incorporated into the common law.'

'The interpretation of the statutes, and the maxims of the common law, are determinable by the judges, whose knowledge therein arises from study and experience; from the perusal of the statutes, records of pleas, books of reports, and the tractates of learned men. Where the common law and the statute differ, the common law gives place to the statute; and an old statute gives place to a new one, upon the general principle, that when contradictory, posterior abrogate prior laws. When a decision has once been made on any point, it is an invariable rule to determine it in the same way again, unless the precedent can be proved erroneous; judges being sworn to decide not according to their private opinions, but according to the known laws and customs of the land.'

'Above the common and statute law are placed courts of equity, whose office is to detect latent frauds and concealments, which the process of the ordinary courts cannot reach; to enforce such matters of trust and confidence as are binding in conscience, though not cognizable in a court of law; and to give a specific relief, more adapted to the circumstances of the case than can always be obtained by the rules and provisions of the positive law.'

'Such are the functions of the courts of equity; whose jurisdiction, however, is limited to cases of property; for the nature of our institutions will not permit that, in criminal matters which involve the personal security of individuals, a power should be lodged in any judge to construe the laws otherwise than according to the letter and established authority.'

In our succeeding extracts we shall rather consult popular topics, than enter into any crude or dry detail of abstruse subjects; we therefore quote the following, from the chapter entitled Husband and Wife:—

'All the *personal* property, as money, goods, and household furniture, that were the property of the wife at the time of marriage, become vested in the husband, and placed at his absolute disposal. But of *real* property, the freehold and inheritance of the wife, the husband can only receive the profits during

her life. The law gives the like limited power over any real estate accruing to the wife during coverture.

'A married woman has no authority to make a contract without the authority or assent of her husband, express or implied. If a wife sell or dispose of the goods of the husband, the sale is void; or if she buy goods without his consent, he is not chargeable with them. So, also, a note or bill drawn or indorsed by a married woman is void.

'A husband may restrain his wife of her liberty in case of gross misbehaviour; but, in case of unreasonable or improper confinement, the law will relieve the wife by habeas corpus.

'If the wife be injured in her person or property, she can bring no action for redress without the concurrence of her husband; neither can she be sued without making the husband defendant. An exception to the rule is, when the husband has abjured the realm, or is banished,—for he is then dead in law.

'And, in criminal prosecutions, the wife may be indicted and punished separately. But in trials of any sort they are not allowed to be evidence for or against each other; unless the crime is between themselves, then the husband may be evidence against the wife, and the contrary.

'*Debts before Marriage.*—If the wife be indebted before marriage, the husband is liable to such debts, and both may be sued for them during coverture; but if these debts be not recovered against the husband and wife, in the life-time of the wife, the husband cannot be charged with them after her death, unless there be some part of her personal property which he did not bring into his possession before her death, to the extent of which he will be liable to pay his wife's debts. If the wife survive the husband, an action will lie against her for her debts before marriage.

'*Liability to Maintenance.*—A husband is bound to maintain his wife in necessities, according to his rank and estate; and if she contract debts for them, he is answerable.

'Though the wife is lewd, if she cohabit with her husband, he is chargeable for all necessities; and so he is if he desert her, or turn her away, without reasonable cause, or compel her, by ill treatment, to leave him, although he advertise her, and caution all persons not to trust her, or give particular notice to individuals not to give her credit, still he will be liable for necessities furnished to her.

'But if a wife elope from her husband, and live in adultery, the husband cannot be charged by her contracts. And, although the husband was the aggressor, by living in adultery with another woman, and, although he turned his wife out of doors, when there was not any imputation on her conduct, yet, if she afterwards commit adultery, he is not bound to receive, or support her, after that time; nor is he liable for necessities which may be provided for her after that time. Neither, when the husband turns his wife out of doors, on account of her having committed adultery under his roof, is he liable for neces-

saries furnished after her expulsion. Yet, if he receive her again, his liability revives, and attaches upon contracts made by her after the reconciliation.

'If a woman elope from her husband, though not in an adulterous manner, the husband is not bound.

'When there is a separation by consent, and the wife has a separate allowance, those who trust her, knowing of such separation and maintenance, do it upon her own credit. But a prohibition, in general, by putting her in the newspaper, is no legal notice not to trust her.

'If a man cohabit with a woman, and permit her to assume his name, and appear to the world as his wife, and, in that character, to contract debts for necessities, he becomes liable, though the creditor is acquainted with her real situation.

'If a man marry a woman with children, he is not bound to maintain them, by the act of marriage; but, if he hold them out as part of his family, he will be considered to stand in place of the parents, and liable even to a contract made by his wife, during his residence abroad, for their maintenance and education.

'A husband cannot be charged for money lent to his wife, even for the purpose of buying necessities, because it may be misapplied. But if the money be laid out in necessities, equity will consider the lender as standing in the place of the person providing the necessities, and decree relief.

'By the custom of London, if a wife trade by herself, in a trade with which her husband does not meddle, she may sue and be sued on her own account.'

So much misunderstanding is daily manifested between carriers, and those who entrust their goods to them for conveyance, that we are tempted to give entire the annexed chapter:—

'All persons carrying goods for hire, as masters and owners of ships, lightermen, proprietors of waggons, stage-coachmen, and the like, come under the denomination of common carriers, and are bound to receive and carry goods for a reasonable hire; to take due care of them in their passage; to deliver them in the same condition they were received, or, in default thereof, to make compensation; unless the loss arise from unavoidable natural occurrences, as lightning or tempests, or from the default of the parties sending them.

'Hackney-coachmen in London are not so bound, except there is an express agreement and money paid for the carriage of the goods.

'Where a person undertakes to carry goods safely and securely, he is responsible, though he is not a common carrier, nor receives a premium for the carriage.

'The master of a stage-coach, who only carries passengers for hire, is not liable for goods. But if he carry goods as well as passengers for hire, then he is a common carrier, and liable.

'If a carrier, entrusted with goods, open the pack and take away part of the goods, he is guilty of felony. It is the same if the carrier receive goods to carry to a certain place,

and carry them to some other place than that appointed, with intent to defraud the owner.

'If a common carrier, who has convenience, is offered his hire, and refuse to carry goods, he is liable to an action, in the same manner as an innkeeper, who refuses to entertain his guest, or a smith, who refuses to shoe a horse. The liability arises not from the reward, but the public employment that is undertaken.

'But a carrier may refuse to admit goods into his warehouse at an unseasonable time, or before he is ready to take his journey.

'If a carrier be robbed of the goods he is liable; for having his hire, there is an implied undertaking for the safe custody and delivery of the goods. But the carrier may bring his action against the hundred to make good his loss.

'The action against a carrier for the non-delivery or loss of goods must be brought by the person in whom the legal right of property in the goods is vested at the time; for he is the person who has sustained the loss by the negligence of the carrier. So, where a tradesman orders goods to be sent by a carrier, the moment the goods are delivered, it operates as a delivery to the purchaser, and the whole property, from that time, rests with the purchaser, who can alone bring an action for loss or damage.

'But if there is a special agreement by the parties, that the consignor was to pay for the carriage of the goods, the action is maintainable by the consignor.'

The dictionary of law-terms, maxims, acts of parliament, &c. occupies a space of nearly two hundred pages. From these many judicious hints may be acquired, for instance—

'*Marriage by License.*—No license of marriage to be granted, except in the parish or chapelry wherein one of the parties has resided for the space of fifteen days immediately before the granting of such license.

'To prevent fraud and collusion in obtaining licenses, one of the parties must personally swear before the surrogate that he or she believes there is no impediment of kindred or alliance, or of any other lawful cause to hinder the intended marriage; and that one of the parties has, for the space of fifteen days immediately preceding, had his or her usual place of abode within the parish or chapelry where such marriage is to be solemnized; and where either of the parties, (not being a widow or widower,) is under the age of twenty-one years, that the consent of the person or persons, whose consent to such marriage is required, has been obtained.

'Unless the parties under age have been previously married, the parent or guardians are required to give consent to the marriage.

'If marriages by license be not solemnized within three months, a new license must be obtained.

'*Felony.*—If any person solemnize matrimony in any other place than where banns may be lawfully published, or at any other time than between the hours of eight and twelve in the forenoon, (unless by special license,) or solemnize matrimony without publication of banns, unless a license be first obtained, or if any person falsely pretending to

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be in holy orders solemnize matrimony, every person knowingly so offending is guilty of felony, and may be transported for fourteen years.

Marriages made void.—A marriage is void where persons knowingly and wilfully marry in any other place than a church or chapel, wherein banns may be lawfully published, unless by special license, or knowingly and wilfully intermarry, without due publication of banns, or license from a person having authority to grant the same, or knowingly and wilfully consent to the solemnization of marriage by a person not being in holy orders. But in all other cases of fraud or false-swearing, or other irregularity, the marriage itself is valid, though the parties offending are liable to punishment, and a forfeiture of property. And the 23d section of the Marriage Act provides for the recovery of property, accruing from marriages by license wrongfully obtained, or without due publication of banns.

The great utility to the public of a work so replete with useful knowledge must be self-evident. It is compiled, we have no doubt, from practical works that have already passed the critical ordeal of practical men; for we recognise, in its various parts, the precise sentiments of many of our most valued law-books. It is remarkably cheap, and in this age of general erudition will no doubt be deemed a valuable guide to intelligent mercantile men, and to the entire class for whom the author has prepared it.

The Progresses of King James the First, &c.

By JOHN NICHOLS, F. S. A., &c. 4to. Part XV.

In this part we are favoured with 'Cupid's Banishment, a Masque, presented to her Majesty, by Younge Gentlemen of the Ladies' Hall, in Deptford at Greenwich, the 4th of May, 1617, by Robert White.' It is dedicated to Lucy, countess of Bedford, the well-known patroness of every poet of the day, who was generally attendant on the queen, and performed with her majesty in Ben Jonson's Masques of Blackness, of Beauty, and of Queens. In his dedication, the author thus hints at the plot of his piece:

'I heare some curious criticke already, whose hungry eares feede still on other men's provision, and perchance his teeth on other men's tables, hath syped an error; and, as his perspective informes him, a grosse one too. Hee abruptly demands what should Hymen have to doe where Diana is? or why there should bee a marriage solemnised by the Queene of Chastity? Yf his refined witt would bee confined with reason, I can awnswere him, but I thinke hardly satisfie him. The ground of our plott is choosinge of a kinge and queene by Fortune's doome; which is a sporte our litle ladies use on Candlemasse night; againe, it was no marriage, but a forme of unitinge chaste harts, to shew a defiance to Cupid and his contracts, and that there could bee a chaste combination without his powers. Yf this will not satisfie, I referre him to the speeches.'—These speeches do not appear to us to be distinguished by much poetic brilliancy.

On the 9th of July, 1617, Mr. Chamberlain thus writes to Sir Dudley Carleton:—

'These eight or ten days here have been great stirs betwixt the Lord Coke and his lady about carrying away their younger daughter, which she will no ways consent should match with Sir John Villiers, as the Lord Coke had agreed, with £20,000 ready portion, 2000 marks yearly maintenance during his life, and £2,000 land after his decease. If he had offered these conditions when time was, and taken Occasion by the forehead when she presented herself, they might have stood him in great stead; whereas now perhaps he doth but catch at the bald side. The daughter was first carried to Lady Withipole's, from thence privily to a house of the Lord of Argyle's, at Hampton Court, whence her father with a warrant from Mr Secretary fetched her; but indeed went further than his warrant, and broke open doors before he gat her. His lady was at his heels, and if her coach had not tired in the pursuit after him, there was like to be strange tragedies. He delivered his daughter to the Lady Compton [Villiers,] Sir John's mother; but the next day Edmondes, clerk of the council, was sent with a warrant to have the custody of her at her own house. The next day, being all convented before the council, she was sequestered to Mr. Attorney, and yesterday upon a palliated agreement betwixt Sir Edward Coke and his lady, she was sent to Hatton House, with order that the Lady Compton and her son should have access to win her and wear her. It is said the mother and daughter aim at a younger son of the lord treasurer's, probably Sir Robert Howard, K. B. who was afterwards prosecuted for his gallantries with the young lady, when wife of Sir John Villiers.'

On the 8th of November, in the same year, Mr. Chamberlain communicates to Sir Dudley Carleton, some further particulars connected with the subsequent proceedings in this curious business:—

'The first of this month being so solemn a day, and the streets full by reason of the lord mayor's passage to Paul's, the Earl [of Buckingham,] accompanied with the Marquis of Hamilton, the Lord Compton, the Lord Hay, Sir Edward Cecil, and I know not how many more, to the number of twelve coaches, went to fetch the Lady Hatton from Sir William Craven's, and brought her to her father's [the Earl of Exeter,] at Cecil House in the Strand, where she hath continued ever since, saving that on Tuesday she went with little state to the court, and there was much graced by the king, who likewise reconciled her to the queen, and made at the same time atonement betwixt her and the Lady Compton [Villiers,] and a perfect peace betwixt her and her daughter, who would not be persuaded that she could forgive her, till at parting she got the king to make her swear that she loved her as dearly as ever she did in her life. That night there was a great feast at her father's, where the Earl of Buckingham and most of the lords about court were entertained. The king was to have supped last night with her at Hatton House, but I hear it is put off till this day at

dinner; and so from thence he goes to Theobalds at night. It is hoped he will likewise mediate a peace betwixt her and Sir Edward Coke, which was mentioned and motioned at the general pacification. But the king said, that was a matter of more difficulty and more time. I doubt not that would prove but a palliated cure, the wound being so deep that *manet altâ mente repostum*; so that he is, as it were, *in statu quo prius*, saving that he comes to the Star Chamber and to the council table. And thus you see the revolutions of the times.'

We select a singular specimen of the addresses presented to James while visiting Scotland; it is an extract from a speech delivered in the name of the city of Glasgow, by 'Maister William Hay, of Barro, Commissar of Glasgow:—

'Honorable and worthie Auditors, stay your minds and eyes a while with mee, and contemplat heere the onely Phoenix of the world. Heere is that great peacemaker and composer of our mortall—no, immortall—warres; behold the man, who what nether by wit, nor force, nor blood, could bee performed, hath accomplished made a yock of lyons, united two the most warlik nations of the world. This is that king whose birth was so long foretold by these ancient Rymors, Beads, and Merlines, the end of all your prophecies; to see whose happie dayes our credulous forefathers so earnestlie wished, and wehementlie did languish. Heere is a patrone of all vertue, a scourge of vice, either a daunter or extirper of wilde barbaritie; the innocent's guard, the orphan's father, the rich man's securitie, the poore man's wealth, your true ἀλεξικακος; and diverter of evils. Heere is a prince in whome there is verelie to be found more vertues and more worth then all those which Guevara did faigue to bee in his Marcus Antonius, or Xenophon in his most excellent Cyrus; who although hee were not yours, yet he could be no other-ways looked upon by you then with the eyes of love and admiration. Hee is amongst the princes of his tyme as the gold amongst the mettals, the diamond amongst the gemmes, the rose amongst the flowers, and the moone amongst the starres. His vertues breath such a sweet aire throgh all the climats of the world, as roses wold doe if they did grow in the skie. Now I am no more in a maze why the sunne draweth so admirablie the lotos, the load-starre the load-stone, the load-stone the irone, the amber the chaffe, sith his vertues so far have that attractive power, that the remotest nations not onlie love them, but wish that his happie government were over them.

'O prince, no less wise then learned, learned then religious, religious then humane, who wold rightlie praise thee should have thyn owne eloquence! Thou deservest more to bee crowned with bayes and olives, then that first and greatest emperour, who to this joyfull moonth hath given this name; thy victories are without blood, and thy conquests all love and peace. Who wold compare this thy reigne with these reignes of thy predecessors, shud find such difference amongst them as is between blustering tem-

pests and gentle calmes, rough winters and flowrie springs, delightsome health and devouring seiknes. Thrice happie isle, without that hath so stronge a guard as the ocean, within so wise a governour as this king! The sunne, who maketh the round of this earth everie day, seeth no bounds so happie as thyne, and of this isle seeth no place now comparable to this citie.'

Who, on perusing these degrading absurdities, can refrain from laughing at such—'*Parturit montes, nascitur ridiculus sinus?*' There is a satirical description of Scotland, by Sir Anthony Weldon, taken from Harl. MSS., No. 5191. Though witty and powerful, it is far too gross and indelicate for quotation. We have an account of this author, in which he is stated to have been:—

'Notorious as the libellous author of *The Court and Character of King James*, and of a family very remarkable for its long continuance in office about the court, his great-grandfather Hugh, (second son of Simon Weldon, of Weldon, Northumberland,) having been sewer to Henry VII.; his great-grandfather Edward, master of the household to Henry VIII.; his grandfather Anthony, clerk of the spicery and clerk of the Green Cloth to Queen Elizabeth; his father Sir Ralph, (knighted July 24, 1603; see vol. I. p. 227,) clerk of the Green Cloth; and his uncle Anthony, clerk of the kitchen. Sir Anthony himself succeeded the latter in his office on his resignation in 1604, and his father in his office on his death, in 1609. As clerk of the Green Cloth, says the author of *Anlicus Coquinaria*, (the answerer to his work,) he now attended the king into Scotland, and "there practised to libel that nation. Which [libel] at his return home was found wrapt up in a record of the Board of Green Cloth; and by the hand being known to be his, he was deservedly removed from his place, as unworthy to eat his bread whose birth-right he had so vilely defamed. Yet by favour of the king, with a piece of money in his purse and a pension to boot, to preserve him loyal during his life, though a bad creditor, he took this course [of writing the *Court and Character*] to repay to the purpose."

'Wood goes on to say that Weldon was dissuaded from publishing his work, and that he "did intend it for the fire, and died repentant, though since stolen for the press from a lady's closet." See *Ath. Oxon.* by Bliss, vol. II. col. 868. It is remarkable that Sir Anthony was knighted in Northumberland, whence his family derived their origin. A demoniac-looking portrait of him, apparently intended for a caricature, was published in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, from an original drawing in the collection of Lord Cardiff, (afterwards Marquess of Bute.)'

One of the intermediate stages of the king, between Edinburgh and Falkland, is supposed to have been the queen's palace of Dunfermline*, a place to which the king is traditionally said to have resorted, on this visit to 'his ancient kingdom':—

* At a very early period, the residence of the Scottish monarchs, and the birth-place of Charles the First, November 19, 1600.

'There is a traditon that James the Sixth, revisiting his native country, and hunting in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, invited the company then attending him to dine along with him at a collier's house, meaning the abbey of Culross, then belonging to Sir George Bruce. The works at Culross appear to have been in their most flourishing state a little before and some time after James's accession to the throne of England. They were then wrought a considerable way under the sea, or at least where the sea overflowed at full tide, and the coals were carried out to be shipped by a moat within the sea-mark, which had a subterraneous communication with the coal-pit. Being conducted by his own desire to see the works below ground, he was led insensibly by his host and guide to the moat above-mentioned, it being then high-water. Having ascended from the coal-pit, and seeing himself, without any previous intimation, surrounded by the sea, he was seized with an immediate apprehension of some plot against his liberty or life, and called out "Treason!" but his faithful guide quickly dispelled his fears, by assuring him that he was in perfect safety, and pointing to an elegant pinnace that was made fast to the moat, desired to know whether it was most agreeable to his majesty to be carried ashore in it, or to return by the same way he came; upon which the king, preferring the shortest way back, was carried directly ashore, expressing much satisfaction at what he had seen.'

Though we have been prevented by the extreme coarseness of Sir Anthony Weldon, from extracting his description of Scotland; as the same objection cannot apply to the following letter to the Lord Keeper Bacon, we willingly insert it:—

'I will begin to speak of the business of this day; *opus cuius diei in die suo* which is of the parliament. It began on the 7th of this month, and ended this day, being the 28th of June. His majesty, as I perceived by relation, rode thither in great state on the first day. These eyes are witnesses, that he rode in an honourable fashion, as I have seen him in England, this day. All the lords rode in English robes; not an English lord on horseback, though all the parliament house at his majesty's elbow, but my Lord of Buckingham, who waited upon the king's stirrup, in his collar, but not in his robes. His majesty, the first day, by way of preparation to the subject of the parliament, made a declaratory speech, wherein he expressed himself what he would not do, but what he would do. The relation is too prolix for a sheet of paper, and I am promised a copy of it, which I will bring myself unto your lordship with what speed I may. But I may not be so reserved as not to tell your lordship, that in that speech his majesty was pleased to do England and Englishmen much honour and grace; and that he studied nothing so much, sleeping and waking, as to reduce the barbarity, (I have warrant to use the king's word,) of this country unto the sweet civility of ours; adding further that if the Scottish nation would be as docile to learn the goodness of England as they are

teachable to limp after their ill, he might with facility prevail in his desire; for they had learned of the English to drink healths, to wear coaches and gay cloathes, to take tobacco, and to speak neither Scottish nor English! Many such diseases of the times his majesty was pleased to enumerate, not fit for my pen to remember; and graciously to recognize how much he was beholden to the English nation for their love and conformity to his desires. The king did personally and infallibly sit amongst them of the parliament every day; so that there fell not a word amongst them, but his majesty was of council with it.

'The whole assembly, after the wonted manner, was abstracted into eight bishops, eight lords, eight gentlemen knights of the shires, and eight lay burgesses for towns. And this epitome of the whole parliament did meet every day in one room to treat and debate of the great affairs of the kingdom. There was exception taken against some of the lower house, which were returned by the country, being pointed at as men averse in their appetites and humours to the business of the parliament, who were deposed of their attendance by the king's power; and others better affected, by the king's election, placed in their room.

'The greatest and weightiest articles agitated in this parliament were specially touching the kirk and kirkmen, and of abolishing of hereditary sheriffs to an annual charge; and to enable justices of the peace to have as well the real execution as the title of their places. For now the sheriff doth hold *jura regalia* in his circuit without check or controllment; and the justices of the peace do want the staff of their authority. For the church and commonwealth, his majesty doth strive to shape the frame of this kingdom to the method and degrees of the government of England, as by reading of the several acts it may appear. The king's desire and travail herein, though he did suffer a momentary opposition, (for his countrymen will speak boldly to him,) hath in part been profitable. For though he hath not fully and complementally prevailed in all things, yet he hath won ground in most things, and hath gained acts of parliament to authorize particular commissioners to set down orders for the church and churchmen, and to treat with sheriffs for their offices, by way of composition. But all these proceedings are to have an inseparable reference to his majesty. If any prove unreasonably and undutifully refractory, his majesty hath declared himself, that he will proceed against him by the warrant of the law, and by the strength of his royal power.

'His majesty's speech this day [June 28] had a necessary connection with his former discourse. He was pleased to declare what was done and determined in the progress of this parliament; his reasons for it; and that nothing was gotten by shouldering or wrestling, but by debate, judgment, and reason, without any interposition of his royal power in any thing. He commanded the lords in state of judicature, to give life by a careful execution under the law, which otherwise

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was but *mortuum cadaver et bona peritura*. Thus much touching the legal part of my advertisement unto you. I will give your lordship an account in two lines of the complement of the country, time and place.

'The country affords more profit and better contentment than I could even promise myself by reading of it. The king was never more chearful in both body and mind, never so well pleased; and so are the English of all conditions. The entertainment very honourable, very general, and very full: every day, feasts and invitations. I know not who paid for it. They strive, by direction, to give us all fair contentment, that we may know that the country is not so contemptible but that it is worth the cherishing. The lord provost of this town, who in English is the mayor, did feast the king and all the lords this week; and another day all the gentlemen. And, I confess, it was performed with state, with abundance, and with a general content.

'There is a general and bold expectation, that Mr. John Murray shall be created a baron of this country; and some do chat that my Lord of Buckingham's Mr. Wray shall be a groom of the bed-chamber in his place. There hath been yet no creation of lords, since his majesty did touch Scotland; but of knights many, yet not so many as we had in England; but it is thought all the pensioners will be knights to-morrow. Neither are there any more English lords sworn of the privy council here, save my Lord of Buckingham. The Earl of Southampton, Montgomery, and Hay, are already gone for England.

'I have made good profit of my journey hither, for I have gotten a transcript of the speech, which your lordship did deliver at your first and happy sitting in chancery, which I could not gain in England. It hath been shown to the king, and received due approbation. The God of Heaven, all-wise and all-sufficient, guard and assist your lordship in all your actions! for I can read here whatsoever your lordship doth act there; and your courses be such as you need not to fear to give copies of them. But the king's ears be wide and long, and he seeth with many eyes. All this works for your honour and comfort. I pray God nothing be soiled, heated, or cooled in the carriage. Envy sometimes attends virtues, and not for good; and these bare certain proprieties and circumstances inherent to your lordship's mind; which men may admire, I cannot express. But I will wade no further herein, lest I should seem eloquent. I have been too saucy with your lordship, and held out too long with my idleness. He that takes time from your lordship, robs the public. God give your body health and your soul Heaven!

The History of Scotland, from the Roman Invasion till the Suppression of the Rebellion in 1745; with Exercises; for the Use of Schools, or of Private Students. By the REV. ALEXANDER STEWART. 12mo. pp. 471. 1826. Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Geo. B. Whittaker.

SEVERAL of our most judicious critics have

made honourable mention of Mr. Stewart, for his able Continuation of Goldsmith's History of England, his improved edition of Cornelius Nepos, and his excellent and conclusive Dissertation on the Sublime Poems of the Son of Fingal; it was, therefore, with no ordinary expectations, that we took up this History of Scotland, and we are happy to say, that those expectations have been in every respect gratified.

Mr. Stewart offers his present work to the public neither as an abridgment nor a compilation. 'It is not,' he says, in a concise but explanatory preface, 'an abridgment; for of the long period of the Scottish annals which it embraces, no continuous history exists from which it could be abridged; with the exception of Guthrie's loose and ill-digested, though useful work. It is not a compilation, in any other sense than every history must be, which, of necessity, is drawn chiefly from documents already in the possession of the public.' Original and authentic sources of information have been sought; and for the accuracy of the facts related, the style of the narrative, and the reflections and observations (many of which are exceedingly eloquent and powerful,) hazarded throughout the work, the author avows himself alone and wholly responsible. This is a responsibility which need be accompanied by no uneasy apprehensions. The accuracy we see no cause to question;—the style is always agreeable, and often elegant, whilst the reflections and remarks are acute, impartial, and philosophical. In further exemplification of the nature of this cheap and valuable volume, we must indulge in another quotation from Mr. Stewart's prefatory observations:—'From those readers, who can estimate the difficulty of assigning to the various parts of a work like this their due proportion and consequence, he hopes for a candid judgment of its execution. The early portions of our history, which are obscure and little interesting, he has sketched with a slight and rapid hand, that ampler space might be reserved for the detail of events more recent and important. In a work intended for the instruction of youth, simplicity, perspicuity, and conciseness, are the essential qualities: if he has succeeded in combining with these such a degree of interest, as may render it not unacceptable to readers of maturer taste and judgment, he has accomplished all his aim.

'The exercises he has endeavoured to make so clear and distinct, that the young student will have no difficulty in finding a precise answer to every question; and so copious, as to affix his attention on every event and circumstance which it is important to remember.'

The arrangement is, in our opinion, altogether admirable; indeed, we have rarely met with a work so completely fitted either for the school-room, or the private student. Mr. Stewart's characters of James the First, and the unfortunate Mary will afford our readers ample opportunity to form an opinion of his style:—

'Historians and poets delight to dwell on this reign as the most splendid in the annals of Scotland. His early and long-protracted

captivity, his extraordinary accomplishments, his love celebrated in his own beautiful verses, his conjugal happiness, and the self-devotion of his lovely queen at his death, give to the history of this amiable but ill-fated king, an air of tender romance. In every personal and mental acquirement he excelled all his contemporaries. Though rather below the middle stature, he possessed wonderful strength and activity of body; and in all the graceful and manly exercises he was nearly unrivalled. In music, he displayed the taste and skill of a master; and many of our most enchanting national airs are said to be of his composition. He was the father of Scottish poetry; and the interest with which, notwithstanding their antiquated diction, we still read *The King's Quair* and *Christ Kirk on the Green*, is the most unequivocal tribute to his poetical genius. But it is his enlarged and liberal policy, and his enlightened regard for the welfare of his people, that chiefly command our admiration and esteem. "Happy!" says one historian, "had he reigned in a kingdom more civilized; his love of peace, justice, and elegance, would have rendered his schemes successful; and, instead of perishing because he had attempted too much, a grateful people would have applauded and seconded his efforts to reform and improve them." "Happy!" says another, "had he lived to execute strictly the laws which he had wisely enacted for the general good of a wretched people."

There is much skill and pathos in the following delineation, which will perhaps enable the reader to form a more correct judgment of the merits of the work, than any other we could have selected:—

'Amidst the political and religious prejudices of contemporary historians, we look in vain for Mary's real character. By one party she is depicted as a monster of vice; by another, as a perfect model of virtue. But both her friends and enemies concur in ascribing to her those personal charms, and those elegant accomplishments, which combined to render her the most lovely and fascinating of women. Her exquisite beauty of countenance was equalled by the perfect symmetry of her form. Her hair was black; her eyes a dark gray; her complexion fine; her arms and hands remarkably delicate, both in shape and colour. Her stature rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just; and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. The impression which these accomplishments made on every heart was aided by the sprightliness of her temper, the graceful dignity of her manner, and her polite and insinuating address. The devoted attachment of her domestics bore honourable testimony to the amiable qualities of her heart; and while she occupied the throne, her justice, her generosity, her constancy, her fidelity in friendship, and her magnanimity in every vicissitude of her fortune, were acknowledged and admired even by her most violent adversaries.

'Charity will ascribe the defects of her character, her errors, and misconduct, rather to the unfortunate circumstances in which she

was placed, than to any peculiar depravity of disposition. A queen almost from her birth, she was nursed in the bosom of adulation: it was therefore little to be wondered if her passions, habituated to indulgence, should be ardent and impetuous; and if her temper, unaccustomed to restraint, should be hasty and impatient of contradiction. Educated in the most polished, but profligate, court in Europe, she naturally turned in aversion from the austere and rugged manners of the people whom she was called to govern. The gay and lively manners of the French were congenial to her native vivacity of spirits; and, accustomed from her infancy to the gallantry of polite and artful courtiers, she became fond of flattery, and pleased with the homage which her beauty commanded. Though naturally frank and unsuspecting, she could practise, at times, the most refined dissimulation, which she was trained to regard as one of the most necessary arts of government.

'In her matrimonial connections she was peculiarly unfortunate. When a child, she was betrothed to a boy of an unsound constitution and of mean capacity. In her maturer years, she bestowed her hand and affections on a handsome but profligate youth, who requited her love with neglect, insolence, and brutality. Her attachment to Darnley has been censured as "rash, youthful, and excessive." But when it is recollected how eagerly Elizabeth and some of her own counsellors deprecated her union with any foreign prince, her choice of her nearest kinsman, the next heir after herself to the English crown, must be considered as unfortunate, not imprudent. A less gentle epithet must be applied to her marriage with Bothwell. Innocent as she may have been of all participation in the murder of Darnley, it is impossible to find any apology for her consenting to marry his murderer. This is the deepest stain upon her memory; yet even this may be accounted for, though by no means justified, by the unhappy and dependent circumstances in which she was placed.

'Though her rebellious subjects made this the pretext for their taking arms against her, it was by her religious prejudices that she was rendered most obnoxious to her people; and it was of these that her enemies availed themselves to effect her ruin. Reared in a devoted attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, she was taught to regard with dread and abhorrence the reformed opinions embraced by her people, and to believe that it would be the greatest glory of her reign to reduce her kingdom to the obedience of the Papal see. Moderate and conciliating as she seemed at first inclined to be, the rude opposition made to her religious tenets by the preachers and leaders of the Reformation, strongly riveted her prejudices; and there seemed to be at length some ground for the alarm, which was most industriously kept alive, that she was determined to subvert the established religion of the realm. Whatever her errors and her faults may have been, they were surely visited by a very disproportionate punishment; for history does

not record, and scarcely has fancy feigned, a train of sufferings, to be compared in duration and severity with those of Mary Queen of Scots.'

After these specimens of the very superior talents of Mr. Stewart, our readers will easily imagine with how much pleasure we announce that he is about to supply that desideratum in our literature—a Scottish history similar to that of Goldsmith's larger History of England.

DEATH'S DOINGS, BY DAGLEY. (Concluding Notice.)

WE dared almost to make a promise in our last paper of recurring once more to this truly entertaining volume, and in addition to our desire of transplanting a few more of its beauties, we, punctilious critics, always possessing the honourable feeling of performing what even we slightly promise, do now, with pleasure, call the attention of our readers to the last sight of Death's Doings. All our literary compeers are dispensing their critical knowledge of this work: our friends of the Sunday press have very industriously taken the affair in hand. The Examiner has examined it, nor found it wanting; the ponderous Atlas has snatched it up in its swarthy arms with pleasure; and even the Old Times, that venerable daily, in despite of its advertisements, shook hands with the well-printed octavo, and praised its plates. We really think the old gentleman's eyes were in want of their spectacles, for the most defective ones in the whole collection met his decided approbation. Others of the diurnals have been deservedly liberal, and 'the friendly contributors' have figured away in various types, from the most conspicuous down to the *nonpareil*. What will you now extract? asks a curious friend at our elbow. The Game of Life, or Death among the Cricketers, is our reply:—

'When men are in a moralising strain,
And gravely talk about the brittle stuff
Of which *poor human life* is made,
'Tis ten to one,
That, ere they've done,
They shake their heads, and make this *sage* reflection:
That life is transitory, fleeting, vain—
A very bubble!
With pleasures few and brief—but as for pain,
And care and trouble,
There's more than *quantum suff.*—
Nay, quite enough
To make the stoutest heart afraid,
And cloud the merriest visage with dejection!
'And then, what dismal stories are invented
About this "vale of wo"—
Zounds! 'twere enough to make one discontented,
Whether one *would*, or *no*!
Now life, to *me*, has always seem'd a game—
Not a mere game of *chance*, but one where skill
Will often throw the chances in our way—
Just like (my favourite sport) the game of cricket;
Where, though the match be well contested,
Still
A steady player, careful of his fame,
May have a *good long innings*, with fair play,
Whoever bowls, or stops, or keeps the wicket.

'Softly, my friend! (methinks I hear Death cry.)

Whoever bowls, you say! sure you forget
That in life's feverish fitful game
I am the bowler, and friend Time "keeps wicket:"—

Well! be it so, old boy,—is my reply;
I know you do—but, Master Drybones, yet
My argument remains the same,
And I can prove *life's like the game of cricket*!
'Sometimes a batsman's lull'd by bowler Death,
Who throws him off his guard with *easy balls*;

Till presently a *rattler* stops his breath—
He's out! Life's candle's snuff'd—his wicket falls!

'In goes another *mate*—Death bowls away—
And with such art each practis'd method tries,

That now the ball winds tortively along,
Now slowly rolls, and now like lightning flies,
(Sad proof that Death's as subtle as he's strong!)

But *this* rare batsman keeps a watchful eye
On every motion of the bowler's hand,
And stops, or hits, as suits the varying play;—
Though Death the ball may ground, or toss it high,

The steady striker keeps his self-command,
And *blocks* with care, or makes it swiftly fly:—
Still bent on victory, old Drybones plies
With patient skill—but every effort fails,
Till Time—that *precious* enemy—prevails.

O envious Time! to spoil so good a game!
Fear'dst thou that Death at last had met his match,

And *ne'er* could bowl him out, or get a *catch*?
Yea, verily, old Time, thou seem'dst to doubt
The bowler's skill—and so, to save his fame,
Didst watch the *popping-crease* with anxious eye,

Until the wish'd-for opportunity
Arriv'd, when thou couldst *stump* the batsman out!

Oh, what a player! how active, cheerful, gay!
His "game of life" how like a summer's day!
But yet, in vain 'gainst Death and Time he tries

To stand his ground—they bear away the prize—

And, foil'd at last, he yields his bat, and—*dies*!
Some are bowl'd out before they've got a *notch*,
But mates like these can *helpmates* scarce be reckon'd;

Some knock their wickets down—while others botch

And boggle so, that when they get a *run*,
It makes Time laugh,—Death, too, enjoys the fun,

Shakes his spare ribs to see what he has done,—
Then out he bowls the bunglers in a second!

'And yet, although old Messieurs Death and Time
Are sure to come off winners *in the end*,
There's something in this "game of life" that's pleasant;

For though "to die!" in verse may sound sublime—
(Blank verse I mean, of course—not doggrel rhyme,)

Such is the love I bear for life and cricket,
Either at single or at double wicket,

I'd rather play a good long game, and spend
My time agreeably with some kind friend,
Than throw my bat and ball up—*just at present*.'

SAMUEL MAUNDER.

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comic singing, but such truly witty verses as the above, have almost converted us to a love of the first.

The Hypochondriac, a somewhat lengthy tale, in prose, without any signature, is excellently and aptly written. We would wish to give it entire, but—we were going to talk about our limits!—*We cannot*. To partly extract would spoil the effect of the whole, we refer our readers to the volume.

To the inimitable plate of the mother, our amiable correspondent, Mrs. Hofland, has affixed some pleasing stanzas:—

'Ah! never may that thoughtless heartless thing,

The painted gossamer of Fashion's bower,
Presume to take the hymeneal ring,
Or dare usurp a mother's tender pow'r;—
Enough for her to "roll the giddy eye,"
To dance and sparkle in the midnight hour—
Unheard her feeble infant's pleading cry,
Unmark'd the withering of that blighted flow'r.

'Canst thou to menial vice and skilless care
Leave the sweet babe that nestling seeks thy breast,

Its home, its being?—Fragile as 'tis fair,
And in its own endearing weakness blest—
Canst thou do *this*, and smile? nay, canst thou live

Beneath the sense of such deep guilt oppress?—
Guilt which one sinner only can forgive,
The pander parent, whom e'en friends detest.

'Unhappy in thy error—know, to thee
(For thou art human) pain and age advance;
That blooming cheek shall fade—those bright eyes see

New beauties far outshine their waning glance,
Disease on those light limbs her hand shall lay,
(That stern destroyer of life's young romance)
And Time compel thee, with the old and gray,
To take thy place in Death's terrific dance.

'Ah! hope not then, that kindly pious friend
Shall soothe thy suff'ring hour with precept mild,

That o'er thy couch in sympathy shall bend
The tender husband, or the sorrowing child—
Far other guests on that dread scene encroach,
(No longer now neglected or revild)
Regret, remorse, and ceaseless self-reproach,
There howl in fierce revenge their descent wild.'

But it is time we end our remarks; yet, previously to parting with our friends, we shall opportunely dip into the epilogue, or recapitulatory address, said to be spoken by Death, in character. There are many excellent things in it, and, for a wind-up to the *Doings*, it is admirably done.

The following couplets are unique truisms:

'I know that all some "grand excuse" may plead,
Some worldly reason, or some urgent need,
For tarrying longer on this earthly ball;
Indeed, there's nothing new in *that*, at all.
One has not yet an ample fortune made;
Another wishes just to change his trade;
A third protests *his* death is not expedient;
A fourth declares the *time* is inconvenient.—
O what a scene of shuffling, shifting, shirking!
What paltry lies—what quibbling, and what quirking!'

The lawyer's excuses are thus narrated:—

'With many an artful touch of special pleading,

The lawyer comes;—but hopes that, through good breeding,

I'll "do the civil thing" by the profession,
And not arrest him till a future session.
Bold as he is before a half-starv'd client,
To me he's wondrous mealy-mouth'd and pliant;

And, oh! what lame and impotent excuses,
The rogue invents, to hide his vile abuses!—
All, all alike are—full of contradictions,
Pleas, errors, counterpleas, demurrers, fictions!
Ready, most ready all, to "make averment,"
That services like theirs, should meet preferment;

And 'twould be hard, they say,—oh, *very* hard,
If from "preferment" they should be debar'd:
Such meek and gentle lambs! so wondrous civil!

To hurry them so quickly to the devil!—
Sweet babes of grace! it matters not a straw
How soon the devil on you claps his paw;
Have you he will—he has issued his subpoena—
I must obey—and will not, dare not, screen ye;
This world has seen too much of you—so go
To kindred demons in the courts below!

Death's Register has the following beautiful though quaint quotation:—

'An ancient worthy, when of man he wrote,
Permitted me his register to quote;
And as I know I cannot make a better,
I'll quote it fairly, to the very letter:—

"Man's bodie's like a house: his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller *splints*; his *ribs* are *laths*, daub'd o'er,

Plaster'd with *flesh* and *blood*: his *mouth's* the doore:

His *throat's* the narrow *entrie*, and his *heart*
Is the *great chamber*, full of curious art:

His *midriffe* is a large *partition-wall*

'Twixt the *great chamber* and the spacious *hall*:

His *stomack* is the *kitchen*, where the meat

Is often but half sod, for want of heat.

His *spleen's* a *vessell*, nature does allot

To take the *skumme* that rises from the pot:

His *lungs* are like the *bellows*, that respire

In every office, quick'ning every fire:

His *nose* the *chimney* is, whereby are vented

Such *fumes* as with the *bellows* are augmented:

His *bowels* are the sink, whose part's to drain

All noisome filth, and keep the *kitchen* clean!

His *eyes* are *chrysell windows*, clear and bright;

Let in the object and let out the sight.

And as the *timber* is or great or small,

Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:

Yet is the likeliest *building*, sometimes known

To fall by obvious chances; overthrown

Oft-times by *tempests*, by the full-mouth'd

blasts

Of Heaven; sometimes by *fire*; sometimes it

wastes

Through unadvis'd neglect; put case the stuffe

Were ruin-prooffe, by nature strong enough

To conquer time and age; put case it should

Ne'er know an end, alas our *leases* would.

What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to

boast?

Thy dayes are bad, at best; but few, at most;

But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strong-

est;

Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest."

One word on the Bubbles, and Death's

Epilogue and our review are ended:—

'THE BUBBLE BLOWERS.

'There are bubbles above and below,—

On land and at sea and in air;

But none of the bubbles I know,

With the bubbles of Britain compare:—

Such wonderful bubbles are they!

'What *puffing* it took, and what trouble

To blow all these bubbles at first!

And the trouble was more than made double,

When the bubbles of Britain all burst!—

What troublesome bubbles were they!

'But why should you mourn over bubbles,

They are puff'd in and out with a breath,

When the greatest of bubbles and troubles

Are, one and all, puff'd out by Death!—

The bubbles and troubles of life!

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

(Concluded from p. 636.)

THE appalling depravities of the papal see, and its dependencies and connections, are described with much honest indignation, traced with all the industry of hate, and dwelt upon with the elaborate yet loathing nicety of the judge whose disgust will scarcely allow him to name the crime he is compelled to punish.

'During the ninth and tenth centuries, the administration of the Church of Rome presents an uninterrupted sequel of the most disgusting profligacies, a parallel to which we do not find recorded even in the life of any of the emperors of ancient Rome, or in the habits of the modern rulers of the East. The recital of crimes of every kind, which are corroborated by the ocular testimony of contemporary writers, ought to be sufficient to inspire mankind with an insurmountable hatred for these self-constituted Vicars of Christ, the Popes. It would be impossible for me, if I were not circumscribed in my remarks on the religious history of Rome, to travel through the horrors of such events, the enormity of which baffles even the most fertile imaginations of poets. The throne of St. Peter often became the bone of contention between factions fighting against each other, and the streets of Rome and the Lateran itself were stained with the blood of the contenders. The two celebrated prostitutes and sisters, Marozia and Theodosia, by the fascination of their charms, and the magic of their fortune, ruled for a long period the Church of Rome, and the destinies of the world. Not only their immediate relatives, but even the fruits of their infamous intrigues, were elevated to the first dignities of the state. *The bastard son, the grandson, and the great grandson of Marozia, were seated in the chair of St. Peter.* The second of these, at the early age of nineteen, became the Chief of the Christian Church, and under the name of John XII. committed all kinds of murder, profligacies and dissipations that could ever disgrace mankind: and he carried his dissolute eccentricities so far, as to change the dress and manners of his sex, assume the female name of Papissa Joanna, and under that disguise surpass the line of demarcation of every possible vice. The Lateran was literally transformed into a school for prostitution, where ladies of all ages and rank were either enticed by the sanctity of the place, or

forced by violence, and consigned to eternal disgrace. The fame of such enormities soon spread abroad, and deterred female pilgrims from visiting the tomb of St. Peter lest they should be violated by his successor during their holy occupations. John XII. obtained the name of Antichrist, not only on account of the free scope which he gave to his unbridled appetites, but for his affected Pyrronism on all religious subjects. We may with reason wonder how a religion evidently established on usurpations, and supported by an uninterrupted series of intrigues and profligacies of every species, have been able to brave the vigour of ages, and the resentment of men. The principles of its durability may be traced to the very elements of its corruption, to the relaxation of its discipline, and to the facility it holds out for the obliteration of crimes. In like manner the religion of the Pagans withstood for many centuries the attacks of philosophers, and the raileries of men, not only because she stretched her hand to bribery and impunity, but because she associated and identified them with her own irregularities, by extolling the impurity of her gods as their principal dogma. When the chief of a nation is the first to set the example of immortality and corruption—when these vices are redeemable by sacrifices infinitely beneath the advantages which they produce—it is evident that the people will find it their interest to uphold that system, however vicious and however immoral it may be. Its immorality becomes conventional, and loses its hideousness by becoming the ruling doctrine of the community. This is the genuine motive of the two most detestable governments in the world, Spain and Algiers; and this is likewise the cause of the existence of the Catholic religion. The redress of abuses consecrated by the concurrence of ages, and by the testimony of men, must be either the effect of extraordinary events, or of the slow but sure progress of reason and philosophy. The reformation by Luther, and the revolution of North America, awoke from the slumber of ages the forgotten rights of mankind. How long will the world continue to linger under civil and religious tyranny?

After a wide and general sketch of the history of modern Rome, our author exclaims,—‘But as a native of Tuscany, let it be permitted to me *celebrare domestica facta*, and to recal to the minds of my readers the prominent part which Pope Sixtus IV. acted in the Conspiracy of the family of Pazzi against that of the Medici, when Julian was slain by Bernardo Bandini, and Lorenzo wounded by the priest Stefano, during the celebration of mass, and at the moment of the elevation of the host, in the Church of Santa Reparata in Florence. It appears, on the concurring authority of most of the historians of Tuscany, and especially of the unrivalled Machiavelli, that the prosperity and power to which the exalted and versatile genius of Lorenzo the Magnificent had raised Tuscany, excited the jealousy of the princes of Italy, and more particularly of Alphonso king of Naples, who could but ill brook the ascendancy which that accomplished magistrate and learned citizen

had acquired in the councils of the sovereigns of Europe. Sixtus IV., that turbulent, sanguinary, and bigoted Pope, already incensed against Lorenzo for the stand which he had always made against the encroachments of Rome, became the vile instrument of the united resentments of the many petty tyrants of Italy. Having added to the fire of discontent which fed the family of Pazzi, who were the supporters of the Republican, or rather of the seditious party in Florence, with the fuel of religious fanaticism, he deputed thither the Archbishop of Pisa, Salviati, and instructed him to confer with the Pazzi, and to support by all the means with which his holy character might furnish him, the organized conspiracy against the life of Lorenzo and of his brother Julian; and such was the ferocious and vindictive spirit of that mitred monster, that he actually gave the Archbishop a dagger blessed by him, with which he ordered him to murder the illustrious Lorenzo. This detestable and sanguinary attempt, which was defeated not only by the personal bravery of Lorenzo, who successfully defended himself against his assassin, but by the enthusiastic love of the Florentines for their chief, ended in the total discomfiture of the plans of the conspirators, and in their death, either by the summary judgment of popular revenge, or by the more calm proceedings of the laws. Sixtus, undismayed at the unexpected result of his sanguinary machinations, with a degree of ferocity only becoming that priestly tyrant, excommunicated the Medician family and its adherents, declared Lorenzo to have forfeited his rank, and ordering his soldiers to join those of the King of Naples, declared war against the Florentines, in order, as Machiavelli observes, *to unite the spiritual to the temporal wounds*. The atrocity of this horrible deed is greatly enhanced by the class of individuals whom the chief of the Catholic religion employed, and by the place which he selected, to perform in that most detestable tragedy. The minister of the God of Peace, transformed into a dark assassin in his holy sanctuary, and while his mysteries were being celebrated! . . . my pen stops, and my mind recoils from its task! Julian was an exceedingly good-tempered, benevolent, charitable prince, and much attached to the interests of the people. Of Lorenzo, it would be presumptuous in me to speak after the luminous work of my illustrious friend William Roscoe, one of the most elegant historians of the present age.* Lorenzo’s chief fault seems to have been

* ‘Those who know Mr. Roscoe as a poet, an historian, a philosopher, know but the least part of the character of that extraordinary man. It is in the bosom of his numerous family, every member of which possesses undisputed claims to literary fame, that the temple of his immortal glory is erected. A tender husband, a solicitous father, a sincere friend, a warm advocate of liberty; he lives for those who have the happiness to approach him. Endowed with a sensibility bordering on weakness, his heart, every pulsation of which is a vote in behalf of mankind, betrays at every instant its internal emotions. It is one of the proudest boasts of my life to have long enjoyed the friendship of

that he succeeded in repressing the licence of the factions which agitated the republic and infused into its bosom that salutary order which is the harbinger of the prosperity and power of a state. He tried the dangerous experiment of the fusion of parties, and had nearly fallen a victim to the same false policy, which, many centuries after, has caused the ruin of the Emperor of France. The alliance which he had contracted with the family of Pazzi, by the marriage of Bianca his sister with Guglielmo, irritated rather than allayed the resentment of those turbulent citizens; who viewed Lorenzo’s desire to condensate the many jarring interests of the republic into a sole compact interest, as an avowal of his fears, and as a tribute which he wished to pay to the powerful influence of the Pazzi’s family. Of the hypocritical and tyrannical character of Sixtus IV., the biographer of Lorenzo the Magnificent has drawn a masterly picture in the appendix to that most able work, to which I must refer my readers.

Chapter xii., is devoted to the Jews, and is peculiarly distinguished by a spirit of discrimination, justice, liberality, and acuteness. Already have we drawn largely upon this volume; but we cannot forbear one brief extract from this portion of its contents.

‘The apologists of persecution accuse the Jews of an ungovernable thirst after riches, a passionate love of usury, an irresistible tendency to defraud, a permanent absence of honesty, and a decided hostility to knowledge. If they are so, they are such as their cruel masters have determined they should be: as it is one of the baneful effects of despotism to root out of the heart the germs of virtue, and encourage in their stead the growth of the thorns of vice. Where there does not exist a bond of mutual love, no return of confidence can exist. Nations governed by tyrannical institutions are divided into two factions—the oppressors and the oppressed; as distinct in the features of their passions, as men of different colour are in those of their faces; and while the first display in their actions that bold security which is the result of impunity, the other must necessarily affect a spurious timidity, which is the parent of deceit. The oppressor commands, the oppressed deceives. And what has society a right to expect from men degraded in their own estimation, stripped of their religious claims, put out of the pale of civilization, curtailed in their appetites, persecuted, oppressed—whose hearts do not vibrate a pulsation which is not a propitiation to revenge, and whose minds do not respond to the acute spur of pride? In Turkey, in Rome, in Poland, and in many petty sovereignties of Europe, where the moral faculties of man are under the lock of despotism, the Jews are as ignorant, as degraded, as contemptible as the

the excellent Roscoe, as it would be the gloomiest of my days to have undeserved it. How many times have I seen the tears of sympathy adding new charms to the serenity of his countenance. How many times have I heard him indulging in the eloquence of benevolence! Ah, yes! Roscoe is the man of immortality. Posterity will do him that justice which his country has almost denied him.’

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tyranny of their masters is oppressive and cruel; while the Jews in Tuscany, in Holland, in England, and in other countries, governed by free institutions or by a moderate despotism, where the exercise of thought is not restrained by a gang of spies and relentless agents of the police, but is the safe property of men, the generality of the Jews do not differ from other sectarians in the practice of those duties which society has pointed out to individuals of every nation and rank. And could Turkey, or modern Rome have produced such brilliant geniuses and upright characters as Mendelsohn, Maimonides, and Ricardo? The inordinate love of riches, that paramount pursuit of the Jews to which all other desires are subordinate, is, I apprehend, not only a result of their old habits of industry, but a necessary substitute for that consequence in society, to which every man, from the natural effect of his moral construction, must inevitably aspire. It is moreover an hereditary legacy transmitted to them by their forefathers, who in all times found, in the possession of riches, an efficacious means to put a stop to the unrelenting persecutions of their oppressors. To the same want of consideration in society must be traced that antipathy to knowledge and to all the refinements of education, which, in almost every stage of the world, the Jews have studiously evinced. But, in proportion as the sphere of their rights has been enlarged, and by the adoption of liberal institutions they have been replaced in the road of emulation, we have seen Jews swelling the number of those distinguished characters, both in arts and sciences, which reflect a vivid light on the pride of nations.'

The author adds, in a note,—'I seize with peculiar satisfaction this opportunity of paying a sincere tribute of respect to the memory of my excellent friend, the late Samuel Fiorentino, of Siena, a very learned writer, and one of the most distinguished poets of modern times. To a genuine fund of vast erudition, he joined a most tender heart, abounding in all the luxuries of sensibility, and enriched with the treasures of pure morality. This truly excellent man, who narrowly escaped being thrown upon the same pile where some of his companions, both in religion and politics, were roasted alive at Siena, under the personal presidency of the archbishop, after the retreat of the French army from Tuscany in the year 1799, had, by the suavity of his manners and the brilliancy of his talents, endeared himself to all classes of society, not excepting the clergy, with a great many of whom he lived on a footing of intimacy, without however betraying the duties of his conscience. The late illustrious Scipio di Ricci, bishop of Pistoja, very properly called him, in my presence, one of the best Christians he knew, thus energetically depicting the excellence of his morals. Fiorentino was a happy illustration of the influence of education: as the Rebecca of Sir Walter Scott is the *beau ideal* of female perfection.'

The chapter on miracles is, also, full of sound sense and invaluable information; and we regret that we can do no more than

refer our readers to it in the volume itself. In the course of some remarks on the monastic orders, we meet with a most painfully interesting narrative, illustrative of their hideous effects, with the quotation of which we must conclude our notice of this able Exposition of the Catholic Religion:—

'During my stay in Spain and Portugal, from the year 1812 to 1814, I have often been an ocular witness of the depravity of friars, whom I have seen, late at night, revelling in public houses amidst courtesans and other infamous characters; and in the conversation of drunkenness have heard them indulge in the most blasphemous expressions. One evening, on returning from the opera at Lisbon, I went into a well-known public house, where I met the guardian of the Capuchins, brandishing a tremendous stiletto, and compelling every body present to drink to the health of his mistress, whose accomplishments he extolled in the most revolting language. It is a common practice, both in Lisbon and Oporto, that while a reverend friar is paying his address to a married woman in her own bed-room, the husband, who perceives his sandals left at the door, does not attempt to intrude upon the hermit's happiness, but respects those mute sentinels as the messengers of their master's commands. One evening, in Cadiz, having, according to appointment, called on a lady, I soon perceived by her embarrassment, that she was labouring under some fear which she wanted to conceal from me; when, having eagerly pressed her to decypher the mystery, I on a sudden saw issuing from a remote corner of the room a stout half-dressed friar, who in a thundering voice commanded me to leave the house. I did not lose my self-possession; but, having cocked my pistol, soon tamed the reverend into submission. We became immediately good friends, and during my stay in Cadiz he was the most zealous and active promoter of my pleasures. In Naples, and in Rome herself, the best and most efficient interposers in love intrigues are friars, who, under the pretext of presenting fruits and flowers to gentlemen travellers, contrive to introduce themselves at the several hotels, and thus commence with them an immoral but profitable intercourse. The two following atrocious specimens of the debauched habits of friars, blended with the most unexampled cruelty, happened in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1807; and as I was an eye-witness, both at the trial and the execution of the reverend malefactors, I can speak with perfect confidence of being believed. The first took place at Garigliano, a few miles from Naples. A very young and handsome girl, the daughter of the principal inn-keeper of that village, was in the constant habit of going every evening, towards dusk, to the church of the Franciscans, in order to partake of the usual holy prayers. On one of those evenings she was missed by her anxious parents, who, in conjunction with her intended husband, searched every place and made every inquiry in order to regain the object of their affections. Several weeks passed away without their gaining the least clue to this most distressing mystery, un-

til, with the exception of the desolate lover, every individual of her family had given her entirely up. This affectionate young man, who, since the fatal loss of his beloved friend, had become an assiduous visitor at that same church, happened one evening, both from lassitude and sorrow, to fall asleep in one of the confessional pews, where he remained unperceived, and was thus shut up in the church. In the middle of the night he was on a sudden awoke by the appearance of several friars, with torches in their hands, dragging after them a woman quite naked, whom he soon recognised for the dear object of his love. Unable to rescue her from the grasp of these armed assassins, and fearful of sharing the same fate which he perceived was pending upon her, he had the stoicism to remain a quiet spectator of that atrocious tragedy. The poor girl, amidst her desolating cries, and the blasphemous yells of those holy monsters, was dragged to the brink of an open vault, where, in spite of her heart-piercing entreaties, she was inhumanly stabbed and precipitated into it. The terrified lover immediately on the morning gave information to the police, who caused the convent to be surrounded by soldiers, the culprits secured, their crime proved, and their punishment executed.—The second case, no less horrible in all its features, happened in the city of Naples. A Franciscan friar, who for many years had kept company with a woman, by whom he had had three children, formed a fresh connection with another female, who, with her religious paramour, plotted the destruction of her rival. One morning the friar prevailed upon his former artless victim to spend with him a day in the country, and to take all her children with her. The unsuspecting female readily acquiesced in the reverend monster's wishes, and took along with her only two children, the eldest girl having gone to school. As soon as this little company had reached a thick forest, a few miles from the city, the infuriated friar despatched both the mother and the children; and wishing to complete the destruction of the whole family, went in search of the eldest girl, whom, under pretext that her mother wanted to see her, he took away with him, and made her share the same horrible fate. This atrocious murder remained concealed for a few days only; when King Joseph, hunting in that same forest, came to the spot where the mother and her innocent children had been butchered, and perceived some of their limbs hanging from the trees; in this manner the whole mysterious transaction was revealed, and the many circumstances were brought to light. The two culprits were executed, and the reverend was not even allowed the privilege of taking off the dress of his own order.—At the head of the conspirators who, in the year 1808, blew up the residence of my illustrious friend, the minister of the general police of Naples, Salicetti, (who had nearly perished among its ruins,) there were several friars, who were tried, convicted, and executed. But were I inclined to expatiate on this most revolting subject, (the immorality of monastic orders,) I should swell this little work to several thick

volumes; a task which, some day or other, I shall willingly undertake, as I have collected materials both for quantity and quality adequate to my purpose.'

Before we bid 'an Ausonian' farewell, we will, (in his own eloquent words,) congratulate him on having produced one of those works, 'on which the destroying hand of time has no power, because they are entrusted to the guardianship of the gratitude of mankind!'

MALCOLM'S POLITICAL HISTORY OF INDIA.
(Concluded from p. 634.)

THE administration of Marquis Hastings followed, in 1813, that of Lord Minto. This nobleman, from his high rank and character, was well qualified for that union of power, which circumstances of the moment rendered it expedient to place in the hands of the same person. Many great and important advantages were gained by the company through his judicious government, among which were the submission of the Nepaulese, (the excesses of whose large hordes of freebooters seemed to increase with the forbearance of the English,) and the dethronement and dependency of the Paishwah Bajee Row, who, for many years, had often been an open and sometimes a secret foe to the British. In the latter transaction, Sir John Malcolm took a prominent part, granted terms to the humbled prince, and had the guidance of his person to the appointed place of residence, as ordered by the governor-general:—

'Bajee Row proceeded towards the Nerbudda with General Malcolm's force for several marches, without any very particular occurrence, except that of some of his followers leaving him to retire to their homes in the Deckan; a large body, however, still remained in spite of the friendly remonstrances of Sir John Malcolm, who pointed out the imprudence of keeping together such a number of armed men, the great proportion of whom must, from their situation, be discontented. He particularly adverted to the Arabs, from whose violence and desperation the worst consequences were to be dreaded. The Paishwah and those about him, to whom these admonitions were addressed, admitted their truth, but without profiting by them. Bajee Row clung to the shadow of his former power, and appeared as if reluctant to own to himself or others his actual condition. His conduct was still further influenced by the suspicion and timidity that marked his character, and which Sir John Malcolm knew he could overcome only by the apparent absence of all solicitude, and by a show of entertaining no apprehensions of the prince acting contrary to his engagements. If the Paishwah had real fears of treachery, such a course was the only way to remove them; if he cherished plans of deceit, his pursuit of them was not likely to be encouraged by an indifference which he could alone refer to a consciousness of strength. Acting upon these considerations, Sir John Malcolm indulged Bajee Row in his hours of marching, and in his desire to encamp at some distance from the English force, always giving his opinion as a friend; but adding, that he would not

interfere between him and his followers, unless called upon to do so. An occasion soon arose which made Bajee Row sensible to all the value of the counsels he had neglected, and threw him completely upon the protection of the brigadier-general.

'The occurrence of a mutiny of the Arabs in his camp, the personal danger to which he was exposed, and the manner in which he was relieved, will be found fully detailed in the narrative already referred to; suffice it here to state that, subsequent to this event, Bajee Row complied with every wish expressed by Sir John Malcolm with respect to his marching, place of encampment, and indeed all other points. His attendants were reduced to between six and seven hundred horse and two hundred infantry, and he himself became daily more reconciled to his condition. There was indeed every reason why he should be so. The provision made for him was princely, and far beyond what his conduct had given him any right to expect; but the considerations which led to this arrangement had little reference to his personal character or merits.'

On the banks of the Ganges, with an annual pension of eight lacs of rupees, this prince resided, a monument of the success and generosity of England;—

'The annual sum granted to Bajee Row, though munificent for the support of an individual, was nothing for the purposes of ambition; but, supposing his habits of intrigue so inveterate, and his ambition so imprudent, that he should make another attempt at sovereignty, the character and terms of his submission had destroyed that hope of success which he might have entertained under other circumstances. By becoming a voluntary exile, he had emancipated his subjects from their allegiance; his firmest and oldest adherents, released from their duty to him, were left to form new ties, and to pursue their individual interests. By his anxiety to secure the means of continuing a life of luxury and self-indulgence, he had diminished, amongst his nation at large, that sympathy which would have attended his downfall had it been associated with distress. To sum up all in the words used by Sir John Malcolm in a despatch to government, "Bajee Row had unstrung a bow which he never could rebend."

'Though the terms granted to Bajee Row were much more liberal than the governor-general contemplated, and though his lordship did not approve of the first measure which Sir John Malcolm had adopted on receiving an overture from the prince, he did not lose a moment in confirming the engagement into which that officer, acting on his own responsibility, had entered previous to the receipt of any orders.'

The importance of Bajee Row's surrender was an advantage universally felt and acknowledged, and the zeal and ability manifested by Sir John Malcolm received the warmest testimony of the Marquis Hastings. The Burmese, who lately have occupied so much attention in the public mind, even in the government of Lord Teignmouth, showed a disposition to molest and insult which was

uncalled for by any aggression on our part. Victorious over the neighbouring states they extended their conquests to the confines of the company's territories, and the consequence was, that instead of having a number of petty rajahs, whose inability prevented their engaging in warfare, their place was occupied 'by a state with proud and ambitious rulers too ignorant of our power, and too vain of their own, to give much importance to the preservation of friendly relations.' From the excesses which the Burmese committed on their captive nations, some thousands of the inhabitants fled for shelter to British India, these were pursued by their implacable enemies, and from this cause arose various differences, in which they assumed a dictatorial method of remonstrance, coupled often with that of menace. In one of these instances it was demanded of the English authorities, that when the Burmese troops entered their territories in pursuit of the fugitives, they should be supplied by them with arms, ammunition, and provisions—a stipulation to which the governor-general in council would on no account listen. Nor were these the only grounds of warfare. The Burman emperor, on more than one occasion, sent emissaries, in the disguise of merchants, to form a confederacy against the British government. The attempt was deemed contemptible, and an early discovery stopped its progress. A notice of it will serve to show the continued and cherished hostility of presuming enemies. The conduct of Lord Hastings, in these important misunderstandings, was marked with a cautious and equitable policy, neither so arrogantly independent as to provoke a war, nor humble enough to bear the impress of a fear; this pacific desire did not, however, meet a fellow feeling, 'and these conflicting causes soon created aggressions and retaliations which it was easy to foresee, must sooner or later terminate in war.'

Sir John closes his history previously to this war's breaking out—the result of which is well known.

Several interesting details, relative to minor matters of importance during Lord Hastings's administration, are narrated with the historian's usual perspicuity. He thus concludes his first volume:—

'At the close of Lord Hastings's government, our situation was very different from what it was at the time when that nobleman arrived in India. The company's territories were greatly enlarged, and their revenues increased. The Pindaries were annihilated. The Paishwah had been compelled to resign his throne, and to retire to a spot assigned him on the banks of the Ganges. The state of Nagpore had become dependant on the British government; and Sindia, the only ruler whose resources were undiminished, had shown, by all his acts, that he had ceased to cherish any plans of ambition.

'The Mahrattas, from their feeling and policy, as well as from those habits of predatory warfare on which the whole construction of their government is grounded, were the natural enemies of the British power. There could be no lasting peace between states

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whose objects and principles of government were always in collision. The first great shock to the power of this nation was given by Lord Wellesley. Their complete overthrow was reserved for Lord Hastings; and it has been confirmed by arrangements which limit the action of their remaining princes to a sphere that must prevent their disturbing, as heretofore, the general peace of India.

When the Pindarie and Mahratta war terminated, Lord Hastings did not hesitate to proclaim that supremacy which now indisputably belonged to the British government; and from the manner in which every prince and chief of India hailed an avowal by which we became pledged to maintain the general peace, we may anticipate the benefits and blessings that must result from its adoption. The principles upon which this paramount power had been exercised are fully explained in another work. Suffice it here to say, the leading objects are to protect the weak, to curb the strong, and to promote, as far as we have the ability, the happiness and prosperity of all over whom we have influence or control.

Lord Hastings returned to England in 1823, after having filled the station of governor-general nine years. Differences of opinion exist regarding some minor points of his government; but even if they who differ from him are right, none of these points are of a character which can in any degree affect that just admiration which is given to all the great measures of his political administration.

The second volume consists of political essays and state documents: the author's sentiments on Indian affairs, his observations and reflections on the general administration of the Indian government in England; neutral policy how far adhered to; considerations on the systems of judicature, of police, and revenue; the free press in India, &c. &c.; the whole of which are liberally considered and luminously expressed. With a clear mind and firm impartiality, Sir John Malcolm entered on his formidable and important task, and the same sterling characteristics are evinced throughout the whole, and mark even the last page of his noble work. We should be happy to follow the gallant historian through his able expositions of, and reflections on Indian affairs, but the briefness of our space supersedes our desire. In his paper on the free press in India, Sir John makes the following remarks:—

That a spirit of emulation might be excited, and some latent talent be elicited, by the freedom of the press, cannot be denied; nor is it meant to deny that good might arise from its observations on public men and measures, and that it might occasionally constitute a check against abuses; but, in a government like British India, such good would be partial and uncertain, whereas the mischief to which a free unlicensed press would open the door, would be general and incalculable. The present press in India is under no restrictions that can prevent its doing good on as large a scale as can be rationally wished. It is restricted from attack-

ing a government so placed and constituted that it would lose by such attacks the impression which is indispensable to fulfil its duties; it is interdicted from publishing any articles that have a tendency to disturb the society, and to excite passions and feelings that would lead through discontent and disaffection to sedition and revolt. These salutary interdictions excepted, it has every freedom and every encouragement that a friend to publicity (which every friend to just government must be,) could desire. There is no restriction that can prevent the spread of intelligence, and the dissemination of science and instruction, in every art and improvement of civilized life. But it is important to observe that our continued ability to give the press that latitude which will make it a great and useful instrument to further our plans of improvement, depends on the strict and vigilant manner in which we check any trespass upon the limits which have been prescribed to those by whom it is conducted.

In reply to those who may think differently, our author thus proceeds:—

It has been argued, that a free press in India would prove a channel through which complaints would be heard; that it would be a protection to the weak and oppressed; that it would convey wrongs and abuses to the ear of government and its high functionaries, and would prove in this and in other ways an efficient check to the abuse of power: but it is sufficiently obvious that such benefits could alone result when those that conducted the press had complete information and perfect knowledge of the languages, the manners, the character, and concerns of the people,—where, in short, all their feelings were congenial with those of the society of which they were the advocates; otherwise their representations would be full of error, and their observations superficial and inconclusive. No English editor of a paper can have the means of becoming qualified for an impartial and useful advocate of our Indian subjects; and with regard to native editors, we cannot expect them to exercise such a privilege within limits that could be tolerated by a government whose power is at variance with those principles of national independence and freedom which it would be their duty, if worthy of the task they undertook, to disseminate amongst their countrymen. We are too separated from the great bulk of the population of India, to be enabled to judge with precision the progress of change in their feelings and sentiments; but it must be obvious to all who are acquainted with their charac-

* No individual in authority can have a right to act upon his personal feeling or discretion for the toleration of departure from established regulations. The moment the rule ceases to be imperative in all cases, its application in particular ones becomes invidious or unjust. The temptation to pass the line of demarcation will always be great. Profit and popularity will attend the person who outsteps it, and his example will soon have followers. Checks will be daily more difficult, and the effects of injudicious forbearance and lenity may even cause an abridgment of the latitude now given to useful publications.

ter, and the construction of their society, that freedom of discussion and of action, to be beneficial amongst such a people, must be a plant of slow growth. A very long period must elapse before it is naturalized in a land to which its very name is hitherto unknown; nor can this great gift ever be a blessing till men's minds are prepared to receive it. Through the institution and maintenance of well-regulated colleges and schools, and the circulation of good and useful compositions, we can alone look with confidence to the accomplishment of our just and liberal views. By such rational means we shall disseminate instruction, in process of time, amongst those peaceable classes of our subjects where it will be most beneficial, and our efforts for their improvement may increase as their minds expand. In such a course there is safety and benefit; but very different would be the effects of the immediate toleration of papers, pamphlets, and tracts, which, without any violation of law, might be filled with matter that would be too intelligible to the turbulent and military part of our population, whose passions they would provoke by published contempt of their religion and usages; while they excited their ambition, and invited their attack, by exposing and decrying the authorities to which they are subject. The very men whom we have armed for our defence would, in all likelihood, be among the first whose principles of obedience and duty such a press would undermine. Through it, seductive but false lessons would be taught them by the discontented and designing. They are already at a stage of knowledge and condition which renders it (as experience has shown,) too easy to delude their credulous and ardent minds. By the aid of an unrestricted press, our enemies would soon make this brave, and hitherto faithful body of men, believe that their independence and advancement would be achieved by our downfall and destruction.

To conclude, it is not from ephemeral publications, nor from the desultory efforts of talent without experience, and enthusiasm without judgment, that we are to expect the improvement of the natives of India. Such may dazzle and attract individuals, and form a few bands and societies, who, proud of their imagined superiority, separate themselves from the population to which they belong, and thus create a collective body, powerless to effect good or great ends, but efficient to work much evil. The change we seek, to be beneficial, must be general; it must be wrought by the society itself, and come as the result, not as the object of our persevering and unwearied labours. By the extreme of care in the selection of those who are to rule over this people, who are to command our armies, and to distribute justice; by stimulating the zeal and ambition of those employed in the public service; by liberal encouragement to commerce, and to the introduction of the useful arts of civilized life; by addressing ourselves, not only in the substance, but mode* of administration, to the understand-

* There is no consideration of more consequence than the manner as well as conduct of

ing and feelings of those we have to govern; by useful public works; by a moderate assessment of revenue from our subjects, and toleration of their religious and superstitious usages; by institutions founded on sound and solid principles; by raising into consideration and distinction those of the native population whose services, superior talent and integrity, or weight and influence with their countrymen, make it wise and politic to elevate; and, above all, by governing our vast territories in India with more attention to their interests, and to the character and condition of their inhabitants, than to the wishes and prejudices of those of England, we shall succeed in ultimately accomplishing every plan now in progress for the benefit of this singular and great empire. But the conduct and direction of all these plans must be left to the local administration, the members of which, anxious as they must ever be for their reputation and good name in their native land, will be found more desirous to accelerate, than to retard the march of improvement. We may change the character of the natives of India in the course of time, but we never can change the character of our government over that country. It is one of strangers, and cannot endure but in the shape in which it now exists, well regulated, but absolute; acting under the strictest responsibility in England, but vested with a power in India efficient to prevent and repress every danger to which it may be exposed from the intemperate zeal, the contumacy, or the opposition of its subjects, as well as from the machinations or the aggressions of its enemies.'

The appendix contains several political papers and minutes of various governor-generals, interesting and explanatory, with a letter from Sir John Malcolm to the Marquis of Hastings relative to Mahratta affairs; an account of his proceedings against, and the submission and abdication of the Paishwah Bajee Row; and a report of his speech delivered at a general court of proprietors of East India stock, on Friday, July 9th, 1824, with several other judicial documents, &c. &c. In his speech, Sir John Malcolm further illustrated the opinions expressed in his article on the free press, and in consequence Mr. Buckingham (to consider whose claims the meeting was called,) found in him a powerful opponent. It is not our intention to enter into the merits of this question; but in spite of the brilliant speaker's logical deductions and aptly-quoted precedents, we yet consider Mr. Buckingham a persecuted and ill-used individual. The conduct of Sir John, in this instance, had certainly the merit of consistency.

We take leave of these volumes, fully impressed with the knowledge of their many merits. By their publication, a void is now filled up in the chronicle of eastern history, and a desideratum acquired which has long been wanting.

every public servant towards the natives of all classes and ranks. This subject has been carefully treated in the instructions which the author gave to his assistants before he left India in 1821.'

Popular Errors in English Grammar, particularly in Pronunciation, familiarly pointed out, for the Use of those Persons who want either Opportunity or Inclination to study this Science. 12mo. pp. 24. London, 1826. Effingham Wilson.

THOU, oh 'weritable' cockney! regard no longer the sneers of thy acquaintance—blush no more at thy *town-made* errors, but to this book, man! and be thy faults in speaking like thine own 'vorshipped' Bow bells—silent for ever. Here thou mayest observe all thy former words, which, with a false emphasis, thou wast so fond of speaking: here mayest thou take thy 'refreshment,' not thy 'grub;' and after a little time, in the pride of fresh acquirement, thou mayest exclaim, 'This is my dictionary—*dixonary* I will discard for aye;'—nay more; as thou hast been laughed at, so in proportion mayest thou laugh at others—thus, for sixpence, be thy revenge gratified, and thy *citycisms* corrected.

The little work before us is arranged with considerable propriety, and we sincerely recommend it to those who, from want of education, or the force of example, may have fallen into these popular errors.

A New Plan of Teaching Grammar, all the Parts and Circumstances of which are Represented by a Tree. By JOHN EPPS. London, 1826. Baynes and Son.

THERE is much ingenuity in this plan of Mr. Epps's, the nature and object of which is fully indicated by the title. We have no doubt that any child of ordinary capacity, under the superintendence of a judicious teacher, may speedily master every branch, bough, and twig of this grammatical representative.

NEW MUSIC.

A Sanctus, Kyrie Eleeson, Three Doxologies, and Three Double Chants. By S. W. G. 1826. J. Balls.

THE above are distinguished for a solemn flow of melody, fitted for their sacred themes, and are harmonized for four voices, with considerable ability. We have no hesitation in recommending them (particularly the Sanctus,) to our musical readers. The arrangement of the organ accompaniment is pleasing and appropriate, and, as a specimen of church music, these compositions confer great honour on the gentleman whose initials they bear.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN POETRY.

NO. I.—FILICAIIA.

EVERY one now-a-days reads Tasso, and sings an Italian song; and thus, in ten cases out of eleven, ends the acquaintance which three fourths of the English people acquire with the Italian language. Yet it is hard to suppose that the literature of a country, and that country the most congenial to poetry of all others in modern Europe, should be comprised in a few writers of an early period; and that it ceased to demand and deserve attention, when that age had passed away. The *trecentisti** undoubtedly have raised the

* By this name the Italians designate the writers of the 14th century.

great fame which Italian poetry enjoys; and equally true it is, that after-ages have never been able to furnish forth any thing which can compete with the works of those writers. Yet this is no reason why the poetry of latter days should be so much neglected, or so little estimated as it is in this country. The Greeks never produced a poem to equal the Iliad, but they gave birth to many, which, though inferior to the great masterpiece, had sufficient merit to command and rivet the attention of all time. So it is with Italy. Many a flower may be culled from the varied pages of her literature, which lies unknown and unheeded; and many a writer, whose name is scarcely heard of on this side the channel, will be found, upon a better acquaintance, to present pages teeming with beauties well able to repay the trouble of a perusal. We hope to prove this very shortly to our readers, by the specimens we intend to present them with, from time to time.

'So much may serve by way of poem,
Proceed we therefore with our poem.'

We have selected Filicaija as the first of our series, because his name is sometimes talked of in the blue coterie; though we consider him by no means amongst the best of the Italian minor poets. During his own life-time, he enjoyed a fame equal to, perhaps, any writer of his country. In this he was lucky; he enjoyed praise, while praise was sweet to him; and now, when he is alike reckless of praise or censure, we may submit his merits to the touchstone of criticism without repugnance or prejudice.

Before we proceed to quote any of the poems of Filicaija, we shall put forth a few remarks on the political history of the age in which he lived, being fully convinced that the weakness or bigotry, or energy of any country's government has a most sensible influence upon that country's literature. We may begin our survey of the politics of Italy, from the time when the Spanish government gained a footing in Italy, and gradually established its authority over the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia; and spread from thence over the territories of the pope, over the dukedoms of Italy, which were compelled by their weakness or intrigues to court its protection. The bigotry, oppression, and intolerance of Spanish politics are well known, and have always been the same from the earliest to the latest period of their history. The Spaniards then, at the time of which we are speaking, employed all their power in endeavouring to crush the spirit of the Italians, and to effect this measure, they scrupled not to resort to the most disgraceful means. Enormous taxes were heaped upon the people, on the most frivolous pretences, and exacted by the most unrelenting, and coercive measures; commerce was stifled under a load of imposts and extortions; the spirit, the feeling, and the liberty of the subject were bowed down by might, artifice, or oppression; the press was restricted; the discussion of public affairs prohibited; persons accused of having in their possession prohibited books, condemned to the severest punishment; and then, to crown all, to unite civil and religious persecution,—to fetter, de-

base, and the body bellish in tion. The insurrection and 1648 of Geneva tion to the Venice, b own apa of freedo under the doned th selves int idleness. cowered Inquisition dom, spi The hou severely Mantua, close of system o pravity; ander, th voluptuo seemed t other cro unfortun were les Such is t Filicaija next pa and end a state poetry.

A FLAG rain up flocks! Zero, t scanty s let him only wa does an lant gre was plu You m bour's p his salt with th the cas when seems dissect next o body t even s leave, offspri out its to equ know ophag terms, him a Newg cause upon by for

base, and enslave the mind as inextricably as the body of the subject, uprose that foul and hellish instrument of tyranny, the Inquisition. These measures at length led to the insurrection at Naples and Messina in 1647 and 1648; but the Milanese and the republic of Geneva still remained in absolute subjection to the power of Spain. The republic of Venice, by a strict neutrality, or rather by its own apathy and weakness, retained a show of freedom. The Italian dukes, completely under the dominion of foreign powers, abandoned their early habits, and resigned themselves into the lap of luxury, effeminacy, and idleness. Florence, like the rest of Italy, cowered under the tremendous power of the Inquisition, which effectually exiled all freedom, spirit, or liberty from within her walls. The house of Gonzaga, which suffered so severely in the year 1631, at the massacre of Mantua, brought on its own downfall at the close of the same century, by a continued system of the most gross and abandoned depravity; and after the death of Prince Alexander, the Farnese family sunk into a race of voluptuous, indolent, and cruel tyrants, who seemed to differ in no one respect from the other crowned heads, who lorded it over this unfortunate country, unless it be that they were less powerful, but more oppressive. Such is the picture of Italy at the time when Filicaja came forth as a lyric poet. In our next paper we shall draw the application, and endeavour to show what influence such a state of things possessed over his style of poetry.

ORIGINAL.

WOULD-BE-AUTHORS.

A PLAGUE take all plagiarists! say I. A murmur upon their cattle, and the rot among their flocks! If a man's wits are so much below Zero, that he cannot furnish forth some few scanty sentences from his own imagination, let him not attempt to scribble at all! He only wastes his own good ink and paper, and does an absolute and foul wrong to the gallant grey goose from whose wing his quill was plucked. Oh! foul befall the monster! You might just as well go into your neighbour's pantry, and season your dry crust with his salt and butter, as lard your lean books with the fat of others' works. The justice of the case is the same. I always shudder when I see a surgeon,—his look always seems to imply 'you would make very pretty dissection.' Surgeons and plagiarists are next of kin; the one only covets your own body to operate upon, but the other, without even saying 'by your leave, or with your leave, sweet sir,' absolutely seizes upon the offspring of your brain, dissects it, and cuts out its heart. Now, if this is not 'contrary to equity and good conscience,' I do not know what is. When I meet with an ostreophagist,—that is to say, in more simple terms, an oyster-eater,—I always consider him as great a rogue as any man hung at Newgate for house-breaking, and that because he commits a most palpable burglary upon the oyster's house; he breaks in there by force of arms, and devours the contents

thereof. And when I sit down to table with a plagiarist by my side, I am always in the most cursed fidget that ever poor man was in. I always fancy his claws are nibbling about my pocket-hole; for a man who will steal your silver, they say, will steal your horse or your wife, if he have an opportunity. And then if I unluckily happen to have some little MSS. or other in my pocket-book, I fancy it all over with me; the food increases in my mouth more and more, and my hunger, however keen hitherto, vanishes in a moment. I cannot help thinking that he will be able to divine its contents through all the coverings of coat, waistcoat, and leather; and that I shall see my own sweet little article figuring, next month, in the pages of Blackwood or the New Monthly, whilst the reprobate, with the eye, like a packing needle, which saw into the deepest recesses of my deepest pocket, sucks all the profits, and all the *vires* arising therefrom. The very idea of such a thing is punishment for a pickpocket. Montague's books are all made with a pair of scissors; I suppose he served an apprenticeship to a tailor. To be sure, it is a ready way of making money, to take six old treatises, and snip them up into strips, then paste and dovetail them together on a sheet of *fool's-cap*, affix a sounding title-page, send them to the printer, and call yourself an author. This I call a very little way of making a very great deal of money; but those who are gulled by it deserve to live upon a dry crust and potations of water all their lives. I like a slice out of my own haunch, and a glass from my own long-necked bottle, and I detest all poachers upon other men's manors.—Chorus of readers, 'So do we.'

FANNY RILEY.

[Although the names which occur in this narrative are fictitious, the incidents are true.]

THE tide of life is stormy; we know not this when we are young, we put to sea enlivened by hope, and scorn to bend to the blast; but as the chilling winds arise, we cautiously take our canvass in.

Fanny Riley was a child of nature; few have ever been so unfortunate, few so fair. Her father was a citizen of London, and a man of superior mind; he had mingled in the world, and had seen its follies; he withdrew from the giddy circle, for his heart revolted from false professions and faithless vows. 'Why do I seek happiness here,' said he, 'the votaries of pleasure are not happy; they smile, but their smile is assumed: I have mistaken my way.'

He married, and few have been blest like him; the gentle mind and amiable manners of his consort had won his affection. But those were her least merits; artless, innocent, and sincere, she looked around her and fancied the world as innocent as herself.

Fanny was their only child, she resembled her mother in every charm, and her father's virtues shone in her mind. She early displayed a fondness for poetry and tender feeling; she loved the simple, natural, and sublime; the ballad of Chevy Chase gave her exquisite delight, and the Songs of the Border were ever in her hands.

This sweet family used to meet at evening round the fireside, and read and converse by turns; Fanny would sometimes entreat her father to relate his various adventures in foreign climes, and describe the different manners of men, to this would she listen for hours. At tea, Fanny's pleasure was to wait upon her parents, who were yet in the prime of life.

The mighty bards of England were here held in veneration. Shakspeare was the beloved of the circle. While Fanny read, her father would now and then point out those sublime passages, in which that divine author has drawn large draughts from Nature's font, passages which, to be admired, need but be read, and read a thousand times, are but the more admired. Here, too, were cherished the golden verses of that noble minstrel, whose early death was as glorious as lamentable.

Chance introduced to her acquaintance a young man of similar dispositions. They met, parted, and prayed to meet again. They were not born to be insensible to each other. Possessed of a generous mind and elevated genius; what he *might have been*, his friends alone can conceive; but his weaknesses were many, and gave him frequent pain. He endeavoured to hide his wounded feelings, but there were some who could perceive, and whose tender regard led them to conjecture the cause. He had not been taught the pleasure of self-denial; early indulgence had given him habits, maturity laboured in vain to subdue. Little do parents know the misery they are laying up for their children, by complying with their every idle inclination; many a great genius has been murdered in his cradle, by those who should have been his truest friends.

He accepted a place in an Indian isle; they parted, but not to meet again; several years passed, their regular correspondence ceased. No answers were received to letters from England; inquiries were made, he had been dismissed, where was he gone? No one could tell! no intelligence could discover. Fanny could not support the blow, lonely, silent, sad, she seemed to have forgotten all her pleasures but that of repeating those passages they had so often perused together.

'If it should be so,—but it cannot be;
Or I at least shall not survive to see.'

DON JUAN.

'What is the matter, my girl?' her parent would ask; 'you are not so lively as you used to be. Are you not well?' 'Yes father,' she would reply, 'I am very well,' then turn her eyes away to hide the starting tear. But it was too much for her; she gradually declined, and that sweet flower was laid in the earth. It was but the signal for others; her parents soon followed, and the dwelling of peace was desolate, the fire of the heart extinguished and gone.

One friend, who had never forsaken the stranger, conjecturing that his silence and secrecy proceeded from the intense feeling of shame which ever accompanied his lightest follies, wrote to him to entreat his return, and gently hinted the fate of Fanny. Many

former letters had doubtless miscarried; this was indeed too true; it was fatal. He was seen soon after walking one evening by the sea; a body was found next morning in the bay; it was recognised by some friends, who adhered to his fallen fortunes; they followed it to the grave.

Though few have known ye, ye shall not be unlamented; sacred friendship shall cherish your memory; and many shall know that such sweet pilgrims have passed through the desert of the world—unnoticed, and unknown.

M—E.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SERENADE.

'Oh! 'tis pleasant to wander in fair green fields,
When the flower and grass is springing;
And the breeze of the morn that fragrance yields,
Is health with its sweetness bringing.'

LADY! wake, sweet lady, rise,
See, the morn hath oped her eyes;
And her light around thee shed,
Calls thee, lady, from thy bed.
Phœbus, in his chariot gay,
Is to meet thee on his way;
In an hour like this 'tis sin,
Slumber's arms to tarry in.

Hark! the music of the morn,
The gurgling rill, the insect's horn,
And the note so loud and free
Of him I hear, but cannot see;
Him, who rising from his nest,
With the dew yet on his breast;
Soars aloft on buoyant wing—
Lady, wake, and hear him sing.

Lady! rise, and come with me
Where the fields and flow'rets be;
Where, pure as thou the white wild rose
Calls thee, dearest, from repose.
The cowslip and rich marigold,
Till thou shalt come, will not unfold;
The stars, expecting thee to rise,
Have vanish'd all, within the skies,
And the moon, that softer fire,
But waits thy presence to retire.

Come with me, and let us rove
Down the mead and through the grove;
Where, in sleep, still lies the stream
Soft as innocence may seem;
Fann'd as yet by breezes light,
The departing sighs of night.
There the calmness of the scene
Shall call back days that sweet have been;
Days I love for thy dear sake,
Lady! from thy sleep awake.

Come with me! and hear the breeze
Wake the wild birds in the trees;
List, the murmur of the rill,
While as yet those birds are still.
Watch the flowers we love to see,
Flowers as fresh as flowers can be,
Flowers, almost as fair as you,
From their leaflets shake the dew.
There I'll cull thee, fresh and fair,
Golden wreaths to deck thy hair,
One flower, sweeter than the rest,
Shall be saved to grace thy breast.
Purple violet, primrose pale,
Every flower that scents the gale—
Where the sweetbriar-hedges grow,
Lady! arm in arm we'll go;
There I'll whisper in thine ear
Something thou shalt love to hear:
And rich prospects point to thee,
Such as thou shalt joy to see.

Come! and though the day is near,
Thou the nightingale shalt hear;
Sweet—jug, jug, in softest tone—
Music, lady, like thine own.
And when he his song has done,
Thou shalt hear another one.
Then the thrush, with whistle loud,
The lark shall rival in his cloud;
If thine ear of this shall tire,
And a softer it require;
Thou the blackbird's note shalt feel,
On thy soul all pensive steal.
This than sleep must better be—
Lady! wake, and come with me.

Lady! wake, I will not tell
The tale that oft succeeds too well;
The tale that ruins those who hear,
Mine has nought to pain thine ear.
It will be a tale of truth,
Told by lips of love and youth:
Free as thou from falsehood's art,
Prompted only by the heart.
The heaven above, the earth below,
There shall witness it is so.
Lady! I can no more say,
If thou lov'st me, come away. ■ R. J.

LINES

Written in the noble Park of Lord Dacre, near
Whitwell, Hertfordshire.

ONLY twice my walks have been,
'Mid thy pathways glad and green,
Where thy old and giant trees
Wave huge branches in the breeze;
Where thy river fiercely flashing,
Now broad and bright,—now dark and dashing,
Yields such music to the ear
As mingles with delight a fear,—
Gives such pleasure to the sight,
As heightens with alarm delight:
Once when the declining day,
Half-smile, half-frown, in his decay,
Sank sullen in the west away;—
And once—a joy that fled too soon!—
Once, just ere the mighty moon
From her most mysterious rills,
Poured o'er the rejoicing hills,
Seas of lustre, such as lave—
(Ah, song is true as sweet!) Alastor's grave.*
Only twice,—yet not for me
Oblivion of such things may be!
I leave them—but my daily dreams
Present me absent hills and streams,—
Tracts wide and vast 'neath evening's glow,
My memory's faithful visions show;
And my slumbering spirit grieves
'Mid the autumnal whirlwind's leaves,
Smiling through its thought-fed tears,
As each varying hue appears,—
Red and yellow, dusk and pale,—
Summer gives no things as frail.—
Can she give us aught so fair?
Gentle winds, too; oh! ye are
Remembered in the solitudes
Of cities, where the lorn heart broods,
'Midst its fever and its care,
Over all that it must bear,
Ere it reach its only rest,
Earth's dim, dreamless, silent breast.
Toil,—toil,—toil,—each hopeless day,
Till the spirit wastes away,
And not ev'n its idle gold
Can a single charm unfold;

* See Shelley's sublime poem, entitled *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*; a poem, each distinct line of which is worth a hundred of the fashionable productions of the day. A. D.

Though for it were sacrificed
All that should be sought or prized,—
Nature and her boundless bliss,—
And—which yet more glorious is,—
The wish and will to check the flow
Of the tears of human woe.
Deem we this a *destined* lot?
'Tis not our stars, but *ice*!—The blot
Man's own foul hand and grovelling soul,
Have flung upon creation's scroll.
She woos us from her secret caves,—
She courts us from her million waves;
She cries unto us from her woods,—
Her voice demands us from her floods,
She wafts her welcome in each breeze!
Yet our hearts are deaf to these!—
REJOICE is written on her sky,—
Yet our hearts yield no reply!—

Bear me, spirit of the breeze!
Bear me from such thoughts as these!
Lest I, too, forget the creed
Which is *faith* and *truth* indeed;
And forbearance, overborne,
Turn to heartless hate and scorn!
Love and Wisdom! twin-born powers
Visit soon this earth of ours!
Light with radiance from on high,
Each cold, hard, inconstant eye!
Teach each stern and sordid heart
The better and the nobler part!
Spread the universal bliss
That *should be*, o'er the woe that *is*!—
Let Heaven's sun no longer shine,
With his mockery divine,
O'er the joyless homes of men,
Where despair hath built his den,—
That worst despair that may not look
Beyond the mercenary book
Where the grasping idol's signs
And symbols, stand in murky lines!

Bear me, spirit of the breeze!
Bear me from such thoughts as these!
Lest I, too, forget the creed,
Which is *faith* and *truth* indeed;
And forbearance overborne,
Turn to heartless hate and scorn!

Oct. 1826.

ANNE D.*

THE DRAMA,
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mrs. M'Gregor, after an absence of five years, resumed the part of Elvira, in *Pizarro*, with considerable effect, on Monday evening. After the play, a new musical romance, founded on The Monastery, with new music by the French composer Boildieu, was performed for the first time. There is nothing sufficiently amusing in the story to warrant its detail. The natural and good acting of Miss Kelly and Harley alone saved it from immediate condemnation. The incidents intended to excite laughter are some of them so absurd as to create disgust; and, to adopt the language of a morning paper, the dialogue is poor, the jokes as bad as can well be imagined, and the attempts at wit contemptible. The scenery, particularly that portion by Stan-

* We should have considered ourselves guilty of injustice, had we not given early insertion to the above very beautiful poem, which we think our readers will agree in deeming another flower to the wreath of fame twined by the female lyrists of the present day.

field, was excellent, yet we consider it somewhat incongruous and unnatural to make the sun shine at midnight, and all for the purpose of allowing two assassins to distinguish each other's demoniacal expression of countenance. The words of the songs, by Beazley, are as bad as that gentleman is usually in the habit of affording, without his wonted excuse for nonsense, for which he has hitherto always apologized: but as these were adapted to the music, there may exist a shadow of palliation for their imbecility. The *Monastery*, by Sir Walter Scott, is one of the most unpopular of his works; and although Mr. B. cannot boast of equal fame, we think his *White Lady* will be quite as unsuccessful as her predecessor. The piece can never become a favourite.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—On Wednesday evening, the pleasing opera of *Guy Mannering* was revived at this house, Henry Bertram, by Mr. Sapia—that gentleman's abilities are now pretty well known to the public, through his performances at Drury, and latterly at the English Opera House. With a manly voice, which has neither the compass, flexibility, nor clearness of Braham's, he has yet much of that celebrated artist's style, and in some of the lower notes, his tones have a depth of richness. Nearly all the original music of the part is discarded, but, in the execution of that introduced, Mr. Sapia was very successful. His Kelvin Grove is only second to Braham's. Miss Paton was the heroine, and sang *Rest thee Babe*, delightfully, nor can we pass over her exquisite *Bonny brave Scotland*, which is indeed a treat to all lovers of sweet sounds and pure harmony. The opera was effectively cast, and honoured by a numerous auditory.

Mr. O'Connor of Covent Garden Theatre is dead: he was walking near Hyde Park Corner, on Saturday evening, when he fell down, uttered a deep groan, and expired immediately. By the inquiry of an inquest, it appears that his death was occasioned by the bursting of an aneurism of the heart. Unknown to us in private life, we record his decease as a great loss to the drama, in which the public must regret the absence of the most efficient representative of the warm-hearted comic Irish characters that the English stage has possessed since the time of Johnstone.

Mr. Michael Kelly, the popular composer, author of the *Reminiscences*, which we reviewed some months since, died on Monday morning last, at Margate.

Mademoiselle Sontag's return to Berlin was greeted with solid marks of public favour: the tickets sold for ten times the usual price, and the young virtuoso was called for, even between the acts of the play, to receive the flattering homage of her admirers, which was increased by the extreme modesty with which she received these unusual tributes of public esteem. There is something offensive to correct feeling in calling for an actor to come forth expressly to be applauded, and we hope the practice will rather abate than increase in British theatres.

A play, farce, and other entertainments

will be performed at the English Opera House, on Tuesday, by the Covent Garden company and auxiliaries, in aid of the widow and family of the late Mr. Connor.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

WE perused the last Quarterly Review with attention, but the portion which announced that Capt. Parry would again visit the Polar regions, we did not think sufficiently important to communicate to our readers; our intention was to have waited its official announcement. Such a calm method of procedure is not usually followed, for, in the last number of our contemporary, we have a most flaming paper, affixed to which is as glaring a puff as ever disgraced that journal:—'latest intelligence,' 'geographical information and improvement,' shine forth in *italic* effulgence; we were really startled!—when, on reading the article, we found it to consist of complete plagiarisms from various narratives of voyages and travels, all published within these last six years, tagged together with considerable tact, and the information derived from the Quarterly sprinkled over the whole by way of refreshment. At the conclusion, fearing the discovery would abate the presumed interest in the reader, the learned Theban gives us another puff more extravagant than his preceding one, in which he disclaims and contemns puffing.—Brother, be sober!

Mr. James Bird, author of *The Vale of Slaughden*, *The Exile*, &c. &c., is preparing for publication a poem founded upon and illustrative of the history of the ancient city of Dunwich, in Suffolk.

One of the bas-reliefs, by the Chevalier Bosio, representing the passage of the Rhine, by Louis XIV., has been recently cast, is executed with much accuracy, and is said to be a fine performance.

The publication of *Death's Doings* has recalled the attention of the public to some clever chalk sketches, which appeared a few years since on a spacious wall near Kew. The *Times* says they were chalked by a nephew of the late Baron Garrow; the young artist lived near the spot, but has now an appointment in the East Indies.

Mr. Richard Clarke, the late operative chemist at Apothecaries' Hall, and well-known to the public by his numerous experiments on deleterious compounds in articles of food, died on Sunday morning last, after a very short illness, leaving a wife and large family.

The magnificent ruins, of Grecian origin, from a colony near Tripoli, which were presented by the Bey of Tripoli to the Prince Regent, and which have been long lying in the court-yard of the British Museum, were removed on Wednesday, in artillery waggons, to be conveyed to Windsor.

The statement, which we copied from *The Morning Chronicle*, respecting Sir Walter Scott's expected marriage to a lady of immense fortune, is declared to be without foundation.

The National Monument.—The following observations are from a letter which appeared in an Edinburgh paper a few days ago:—

'The National Monument was originally intended to be a copy of the Temple of Minerva, or the Parthenon, in the Acropolis of Athens, and it was meant that it should occupy the top of the Calton Hill. Estimates for erecting this building in the plainest manner—of course leaving out its beauties, its friezes, metopes, &c.—were obtained, which made the amount £60,000 odds; but am credibly informed, that even £90,000 will not accomplish the object. After ten years' struggling, all that has been yet raised of the sum wanted is about £15,000; and it would appear that the parties in management, acting, I suppose, on the principle, that "a thing begun is half ended," have actually contracted for building three colossal steps and twelve pillars, without more than the architrave, but wanting the cornices and frieze to complete the entablature; and they have agreed to pay, or rather to throw away, the enormous sum of £13,000 for this pure act of insanity! trusting to Providence for a future supply of funds for completing the building!—*Morning Chronicle*.

Fine Arts.—When we lately noticed the encouragement given to British artists, we did not do sufficient justice to their patrons. Lord Egremont has not only employed Haydon on a picture, but Jones; and Flaxman on a group of Michael and Satan, as well as Chantrey, Rossi, and Carew, on other pieces of sculpture. The Duke of Bedford, Lords Stafford, De Tabley, Sir John Swinburne, Sir George Beaumont, and Lord Mulgrave, have also done great effective service to native artists by their commissions. The National Gallery will scarcely deserve its title, if it should fail to follow the example. The old masters have there an appropriate place; but surely our own genius should find an asylum on the walls. If the new had always been despised, what would now be old?—*Id.*

Mr. John Farquhar, lately dead, was, till the last moments of his existence, passionately fond of literature, in many branches of which he peculiarly excelled. He was a great lover of chemistry, to which science he actually owed the commencement of his colossal fortune; since, when he was only a cadet in the East India Company's service in India, by the application of the practical part of that science to arts, he was able to discover a new system of manufacturing gunpowder, which being approved of by the then governor-general, Warren Hastings, became for him the source of immense wealth. Mr. Farquhar, who has left a fortune of a million and a half sterling, was, at the time of his death, principal partner in one of the first East India houses in London, the chief partner of an extensive brewery, and of a highly respectable banking-house. The late illustrious Ricardo was the author of his own fortune; and the present Mr. Alexander Baring, who is the ruling partner of the first house in Europe, is endowed with a large share of knowledge, and is a sincere lover of literature. But above all, Voltaire, that versatile genius, to whom no nation can oppose a rival, amassed his immense fortune through mercantile transactions.—*Ausonian*.

Talma, the celebrated French tragedian, is at the point of death, a Paris paper of Tuesday last says,—‘Talma was brought back three days ago from Enghein to Paris. His health, so far from being benefitted by these changes of place, so painful in themselves, gives every day so much alarm, that we can no longer conceal our uneasiness. He, however, still preserves his reason in all its vigour, though it has been sometimes put to the severest test, and his sensibility is the same as usual. It seems his disorder is an inflammation of the bowels.

Pocock is the author of the new opera called Peveril of the Peak, now in rehearsal at Covent Garden Theatre. The new music, by Mr. Horn, is well spoken of by amateurs, especially those pieces allotted to Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Thoughts and Aphorisms.—The Horatian rule,—*nonum prematur in annum*, that a work should be kept in hand nine years, has been long ago discarded by authors; but it has been adopted by lawyers, who seem to opine that causes, like wine, improve by keeping. It unfortunately happens, however, that when the decision does come, it is no better than if it had been made off-hand,—probably worse.

What is the difference between wit and law?—Brevity is the soul of one, prolixity of the other. A lawyer abhors *impromptus*.

What science is that, which, though it requires no study, is the least taught and practised of any?—*Conscience*.

What Peter has made the most noise in the world?—*Salt-petre*.

There is no condition on earth more wretched than that of him who has nothing more to hope, and every thing to fear.

Clarendon speaks of an individual who, ‘as he was without any talent in rhetoric, so he was very well able to defend himself from it;’ and Bishop Warburton thus ably confirms the historian’s assertion: ‘It is certain, that what enables a man to excel in the “*talent of rhetoric*,” is his delight in the charms of it. Whoever is so delighted is easily made the dupe of it; which he can never be, who feels not the charms of it, and, consequently, excels not in it.’

Morals.—The desire of some of the leaders of the Roman Catholics to decry the religious opinions of the Duke of York, on account of the laxity of his morals, (the want of good morals is ever to be deplored,) will not be without some effect in impressing the vast importance of a good moral character in the advocates of public virtue; at the same time it may be borne in mind that *his* rank, fortune, and pursuits, must have subjected him to mighty temptations, whilst his calling bound him to no peculiar sanctity;—yet the Roman Catholics would judge of his creed by the life he has led, forgetting, that if we were

to judge of their creed by the conduct of the chief rulers of their church, in times gone by, when they were in the plenitude of their power, the actions of the noble sinful duke would be pure as light compared with their demerits, which have ever been characterised by the most wanton atrocities and cruelties, without any thing to plead in mitigation, or to avert eternal reprobation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LETTER for M. and V. is left at our office.

Y. Y.’s lines evince poetical feeling, but are not sufficiently correct to meet the public eye. J. T.’s request cannot be complied with.

Infelix’s poem, with a few corrections, shall be inserted.

Communications cannot be noticed in the current number, if received after Thursday.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Oct. 6	38	52	46	30 10	Fair.
.... 7	48	58	56	.. 08	Cloudy.
.... 8	58	60	55	29 88	Rain.
.... 9	50	56	46	.. 79	Cloudy.
.... 10	51	64	59	.. 69	Rain.
.... 11	58	64	60	30 07	Cloudy.
.... 12	60	63	60	.. 10	Do.

Works just published:—Westminster Review, No. XI., 6s.—The Cabinet Lawyer, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—De Fivas, Fables et Contes Choisis, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Bell’s Surgery, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.—Code de Commerce, 6s.—Bekker’s Aristophanis Nubes, 12s.—Luther’s Select Works, by the Rev. H. Cole, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 16s.

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